Lady PENELOPE

SUMMER EXTRA 2/-

FAB CLUB

Do-It-Yourself-Spy-Kit!

Handy Tips For All FAB Club Secret Agents.

INVISIBLE INK:

For top-secret dispatches, write your messages 'invisibly' in lemon juice—then, by holding the paper near the fire, the letters will gradually appear!

HOW TO BREAK THAT DISGUISE!

Here is a reliable method of detecting the sex of the enemy! Thread a long strand of cotton through a needle. Then, holding the ends of the thread, suspend the needle over the suspect. After the natural agitation of the needle has subsided, it will begin to move slowly backwards and forwards—or as the case may be—in circles! A circular movement means a girl, and a to-and-fro motion means a boy. This trick works just as well with the person's possessions—such as a scarf or a handkerchief. (This is also a good party game and you can try it out on your budgerigar!)

NEXT BEST THING TO A MICROPHONE:

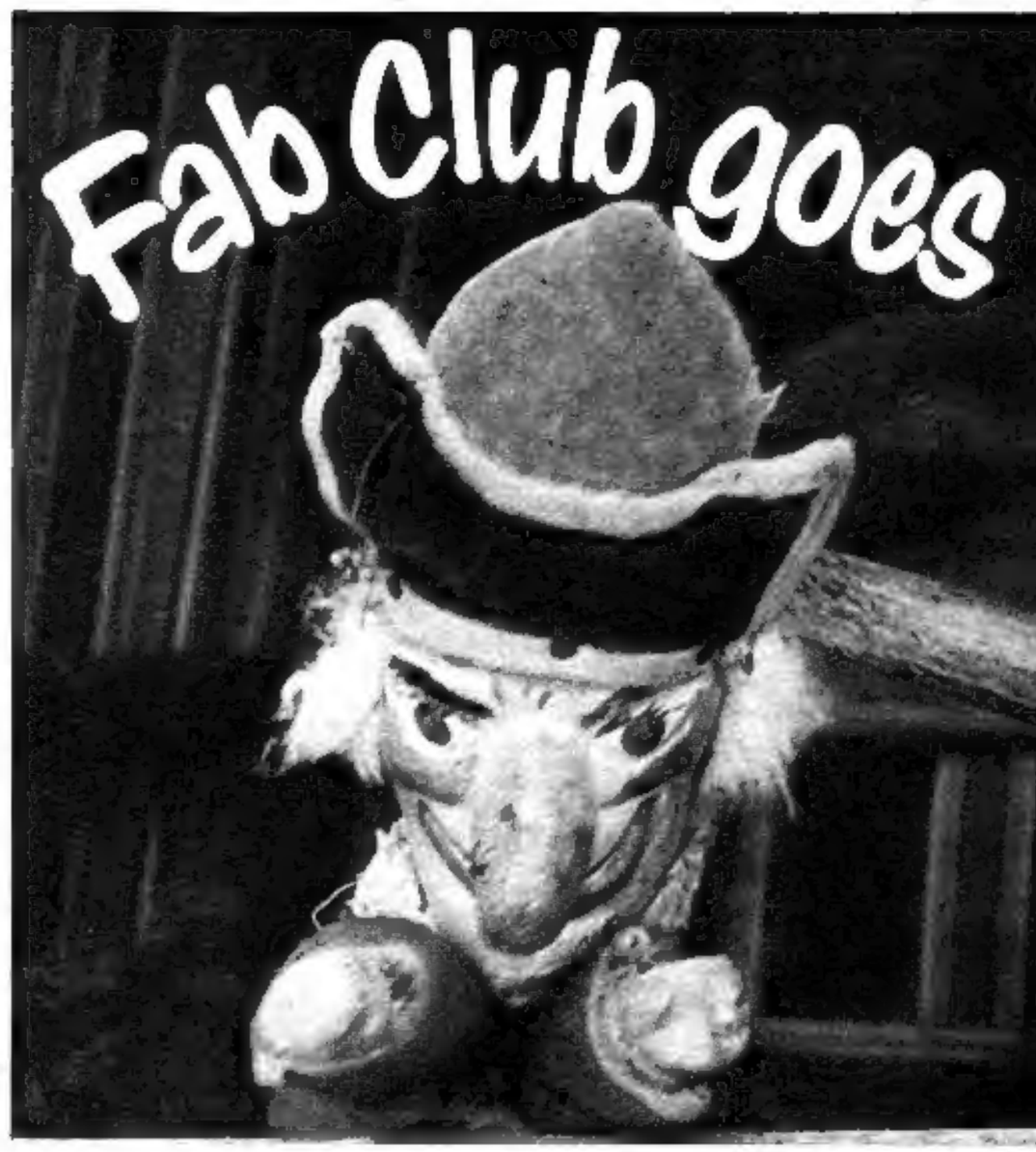
To overhear dangerous disclosures in the next room; make a funnel out of cardboard and hold the wide end firmly against adjoining wall; press ear close to other end—this technique really magnifies secret conversations!

CODES:

Here is an efficient code which was used by First World War spies. Cut out two circles of cardboard—one larger than the other. Then, using a pen or a pencil (your school geometry set will come in useful for this!), divide each circle into 26 'slices'—marking each portion with a letter of the alphabet in the usual order. Then place the smaller cardboard circle on the larger one. Fasten the two pieces together by threading a piece of string through the middle and securing each end with a knot.

Arrange with your contacts to have a different code for each day of the week. For instance, on Monday you could have code 'AC'. To discover what this code is, revolve the inside circle around until its 'A' coincides with the 'C' of the larger circle.

Then write your message by substituting the real letters (on the inside circle) with the corresponding 'code' letters alongside on the large circle.



PUNCH and JUDY

LOOK out for Punch and Judy shows this summer . . . it may be your last chance to witness the full, sordid story. Punch and Judy shows are dying out, although they first came to England from Italy in 1663. The main character puppet, Punch, is a hook-nosed buffoon who beats his wife and is rude to policemen. Naturally he meets his nasty end by being eaten by a crocodile. Anyway, it all gives you a good excuse to scream your head off, even if it isn't quite as good as 'Thunderbirds' on television.

THINGS NOT TO DO IN SUMMER

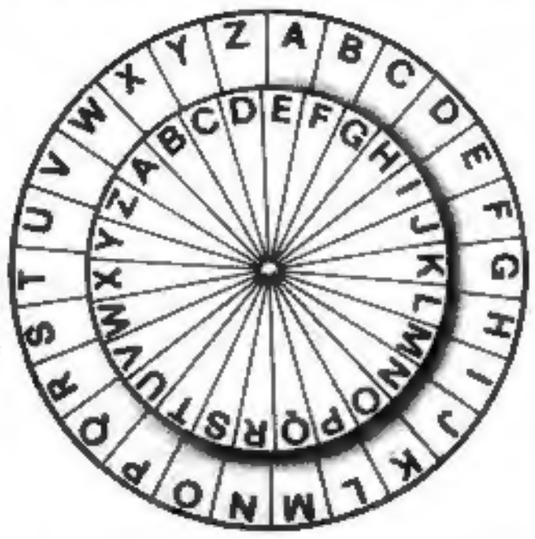
Sit in the garden and feed wasps with apple cores.
Pretend that it's sunbathing weather when a force 10 gale is ripping your hair out.
Drop your ice lolly accidentally down people's bathing costumes.

THINGS TO DO IN SUMMER

Get healthy by eating fresh fruit and summer-time goodies.
Put elastic bands over the pages of your book to stop the wind flipping them over when you're reading in the garden.

Now, using Code 'AC', can you decipher this message? (The answer is at the bottom of the page).

ENQUG FQYP UVCVKQPVJG DKTFU JCXG HNQYP!



ANSWER: CLOSE DOWN STATION — THE BIRDS HAVE FLOWN!

NEWS FROM THE RESORTS

WHILE most of us are lazing around the beach, the pop stars will be putting in a Hard Day's Night at coastal resorts all over the country this summer. The Beatles, unfortunately, will be absent as they have plans for another film and an American tour. And Sandie Shaw will be touring France and Italy.

The following, however, will be adding sparkle to the home scene:

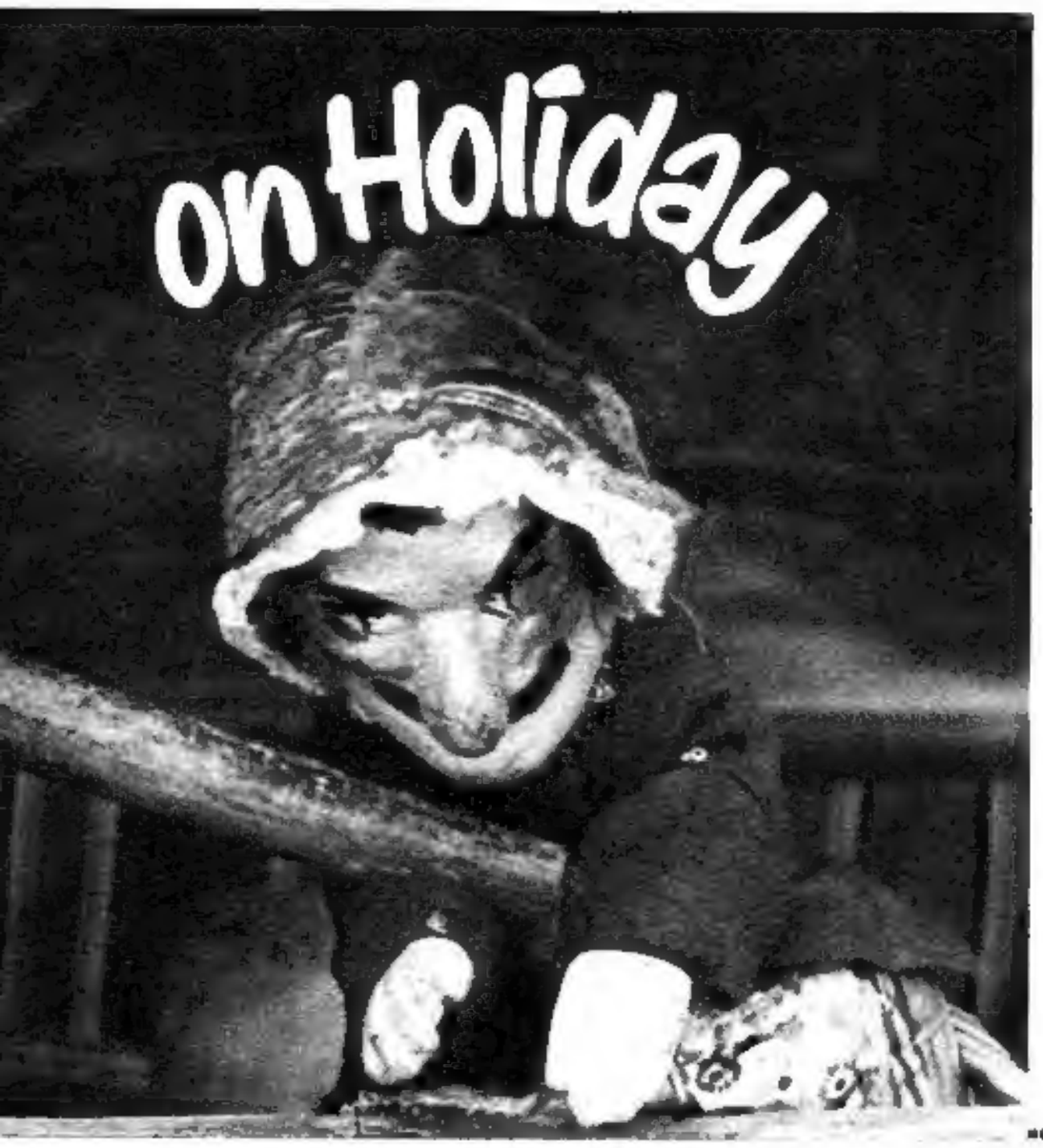
Billy J. Kramer and Adam Faith at the South Pier, Blackpool.
Cilla Black and the Bachelors at the ABC Theatre, Blackpool.
Gerry and the Pacemakers and The Silkie at the Aquarium, Gt. Yarmouth.

FAB FOOD DEPT.

SUMMER SURPRISE

HERE is a great way of serving ice-cream. You need a large bar of plain Bournville chocolate. While the ice-cream is being kept cold in a refrigerator—or firmly packed in newspapers, melt the chocolate on a plate over a pan of boiling water. (The steam provides sufficient heat—do not put the chocolate in a pan or it will scorch!) When the chocolate is gooey, pour it over the ice-cream. Down it quickly—great fun!

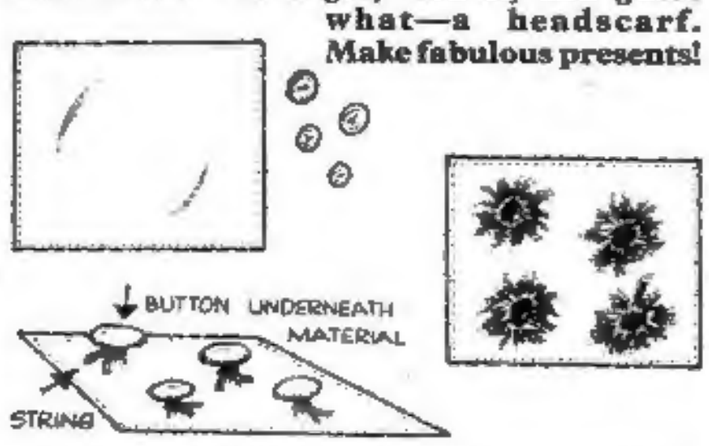
Let's see International Rescue get Sis' out of this one!



BUTTON DYE

THIS should keep you busy, but as usual, you must have mother's permission and preferably have her near at hand.

All you need is a square piece of plain white material and several odd buttons of various sizes. Tie the buttons into the material by winding them round with string. Make sure the buttons are scattered prettily. Then prepare your dye—instructions are on the tin, (a coldwater dye is safest). Plop the material in and swish it round until the dye has taken. Hang it up to dry. When the material is bone dry, untie the string and take out the buttons. You'll find that you've got a lovely pattern all over the material. Hem round the edges, iron it, and guess what—a headscarf. Make fabulous presents!



Meanwhile on the Home Front . . .

PEOPLE who could afford to put old masters on the wall, or paper it with fivers, are buying posters from London Transport instead! It's the rage this summer! See them posted up in the London Tube . . . advertising summer day-excursions! There's a super selection of colourful illustrations of everything from Covent Garden flower market to trips down the river.

They cost ten bob apiece from London Transport, 280, Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1. You can also get postcards of these illustrations for sixpence each.

TOP-TO-TOE SUMMER GROOMING

HAIR: *

Salt water and intense sunlight is harmful: do use a good quality, re-conditioning shampoo. A short, slick hair-style is ideal if you spend more time in water than out during your holidays, but longer hair does provide a natural protection for the nape of your neck. If you do have short hair—wear a protective sunhat.

EYES: *

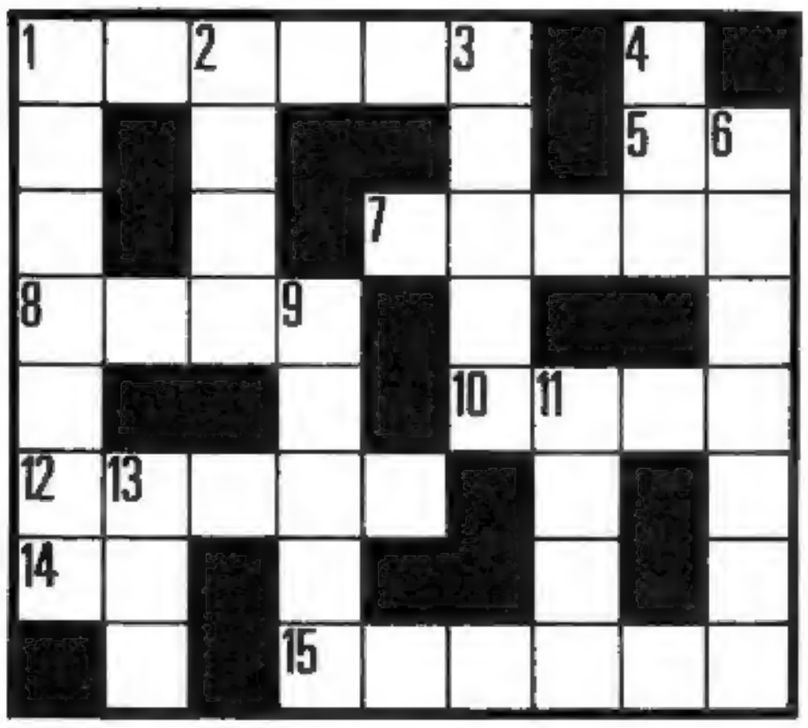
Good quality sunglasses — often rather pricy—are essential. But no sunglasses at all, are better than poor ones as they can sometimes actually *intensify* the sun's rays!

FRECKLES? *

Lucky you! Film stars Samantha Eggar and Kim Novak haven't found them a disadvantage.

FEET: *

They can spoil a holiday. Be prepared with lots of talc lashed on every night before bed. In the morning an astringent lotion or methylated spirits (be careful—it's inflammable!) will toughen up your soles.



ACROSS
1. Pink is the ... of Lady Penelope's car.
5. Abbreviation for morning.
7. Napoleon's mate.
8. He who ... the piper, calls the tune!
10. What a dressmaker does.
12. They drink it down in Somerset.
14. Switch on for Thunderbirds.
15. Alan has his eye on her!

DOWN
1. Lady Penelope's weapon, containing face-powder.
2. Penelope's title.
3. Ham, cheese. Fab I is one, too!
4. What you should make while the sun shines!
6. Penelope's house.
9. Opposite of sour.
11. Opposite of entrance.
13. Creeping plant, grows up cottage walls.

Don't let the summer holidays just drift away. There are all sorts of things to do, whether you live in the country or in a town.

TOWN DWELLERS

Get out into the country. Take a bus route that you've never explored before and take a little sketch pad with you. You'll be amazed at how much goes on in the country, fetes, fairs and fields. Draw the scenery and keep a record of where you've been and what you've seen. If it's rainy, go to a museum, visit an art gallery, read a good book, paint a window sill —mother allowing, make a dress, write a short story, compose a song. Then when the end of the holidays come round you won't get that horrible sinking feeling that you've just wasted your time!

COUNTRY DWELLERS

Take a bus to the nearest city. Look round the shops, visit the monuments and museums, swot up a bit of history. You'll be surprised just how entertaining a city can be, with all its different styles of architecture and its forgotten buildings. If it's rainy, try and draw the city from memory, arrange some flowers, bake a cake, take the dog out for a walk but wrap up warmly, keep a diary, write letters.

No matter where you live, make the most of your holidays —it may seem a long time when they start but they soon go by. If you feel like working, a visit to your local Youth Employment officer might be a good idea. They know of many Saturday morning jobs.

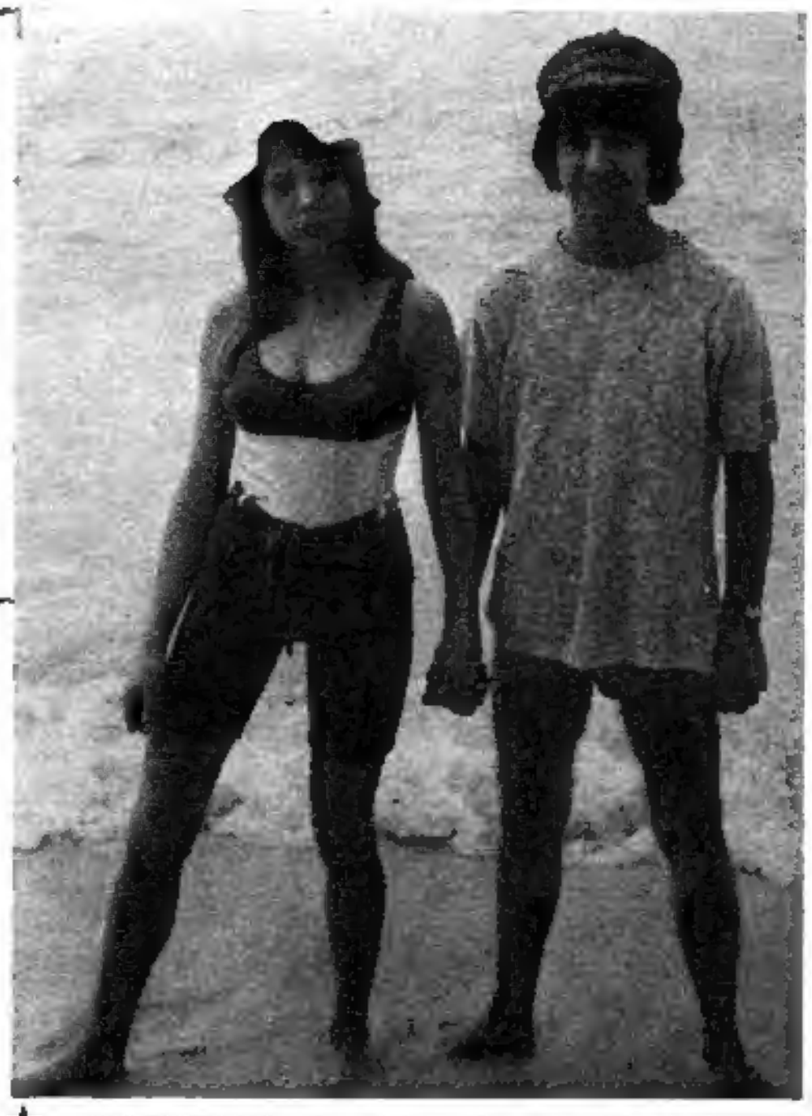
NAME THEM

From the clues below, can you name the pop groups and pop stars?

(a) What did you say their name was?
(b) Spring, summer, autumn, winter.
(c) The price of a letter.
(d) . . . gather no moss.
(e) Brain twisters?
(f) Famous father.
(g) Hipsters!
(h) Always looking.
(i) Ever Bright?
(j) Always with us when the sun shines!

ANSWERS AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE.★

LITTLE girl swimsuits are in! This summer sees the return of the 'Victorian' covered-up look. Demure high bodices, some with sleeves, 'baby' flocking, longer legs, soft wool. (Earlier this year, Beatle George Harrison's trend-setting wife, Patti Boyd was photographed in Barbados wearing a two-piece jersey bathing-suit featuring six inches of leg! More modest than most of today's skirt lengths!)



WALKIN' THE DOG . . .

Dogs are a wonderful incentive for taking long, healthy walks through the countryside. But it's wise to be properly dressed.

Tight skirts and delicate shoes are poor equipment for coping with a Great Dane.

In wet weather wear jeans, warm anoraks and wellington boots (once the pet hate of all schoolgirls, but now very fashionable).

If 'wellies' still bring gloom to your heart, try this idea from Anne Sadler of Essex.

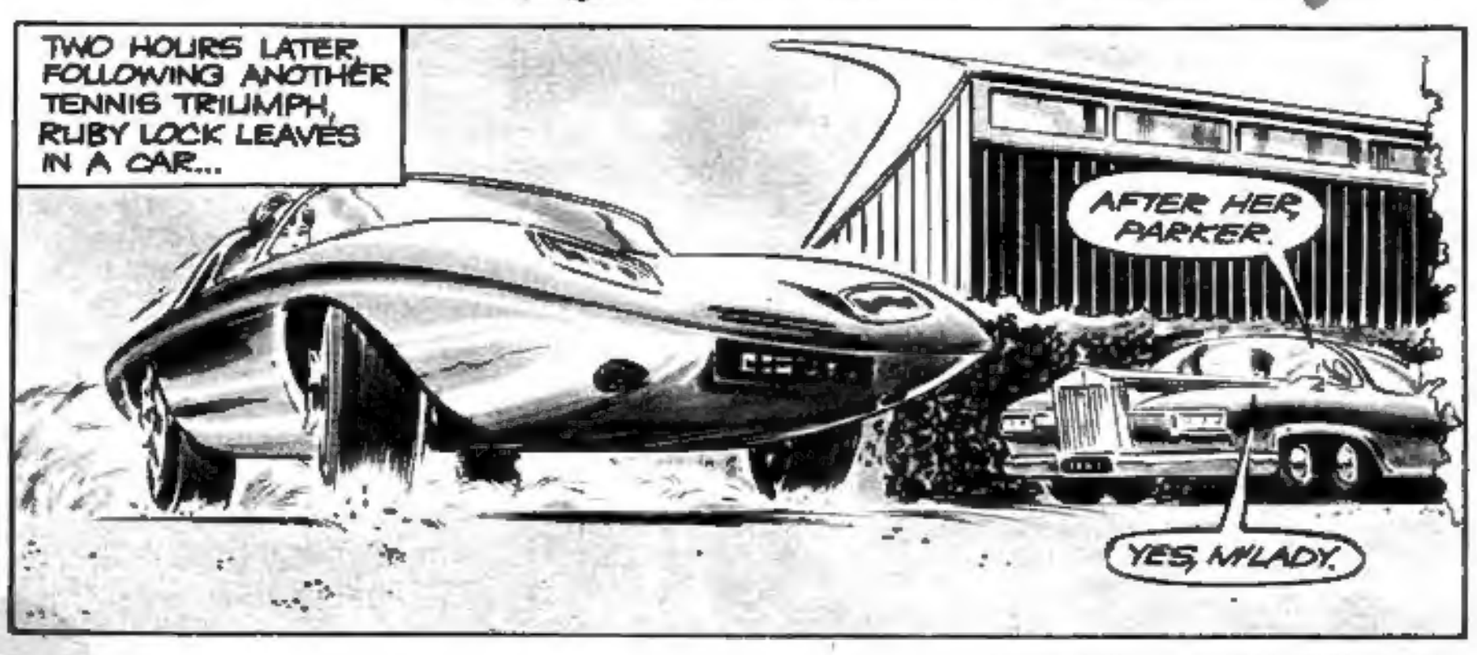
Buy some black and white chequered sellotape to stick round the top of your boots for the 'op-art' look. You can cheer up old plastic macs and hold-alls in the same way.

★ **ANSWERS:** The Who, The Four Seasons, The Four Pennies, The Rolling Stones, The Mindbenders, Nancy Sinatra, The Swinging Blue Jeans, The Seekers, The Crystals, The Shadows.

Elegance Charm and Deadly Danger

Lady Penelope

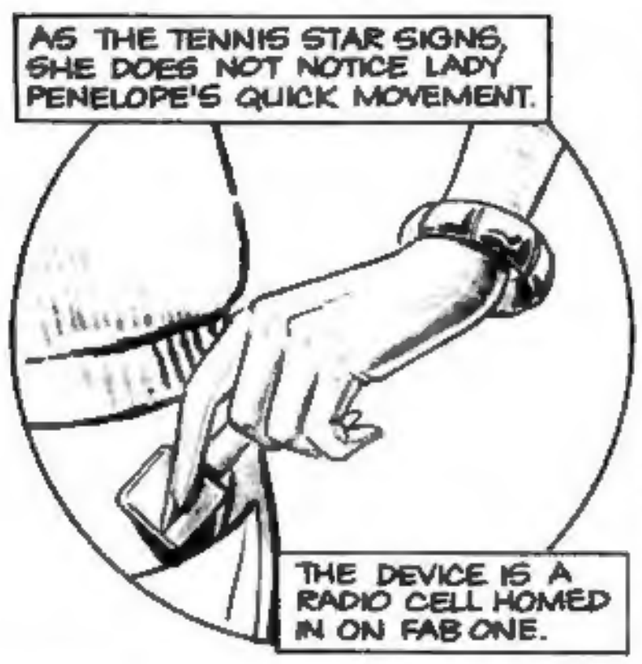
A CHAMPION MEETS HER MATCH



THEY COME TO A TOP LONDON HOTEL...
I'M GOING UP!
RIGHT-'O, M'LADY... BE CAREFUL!

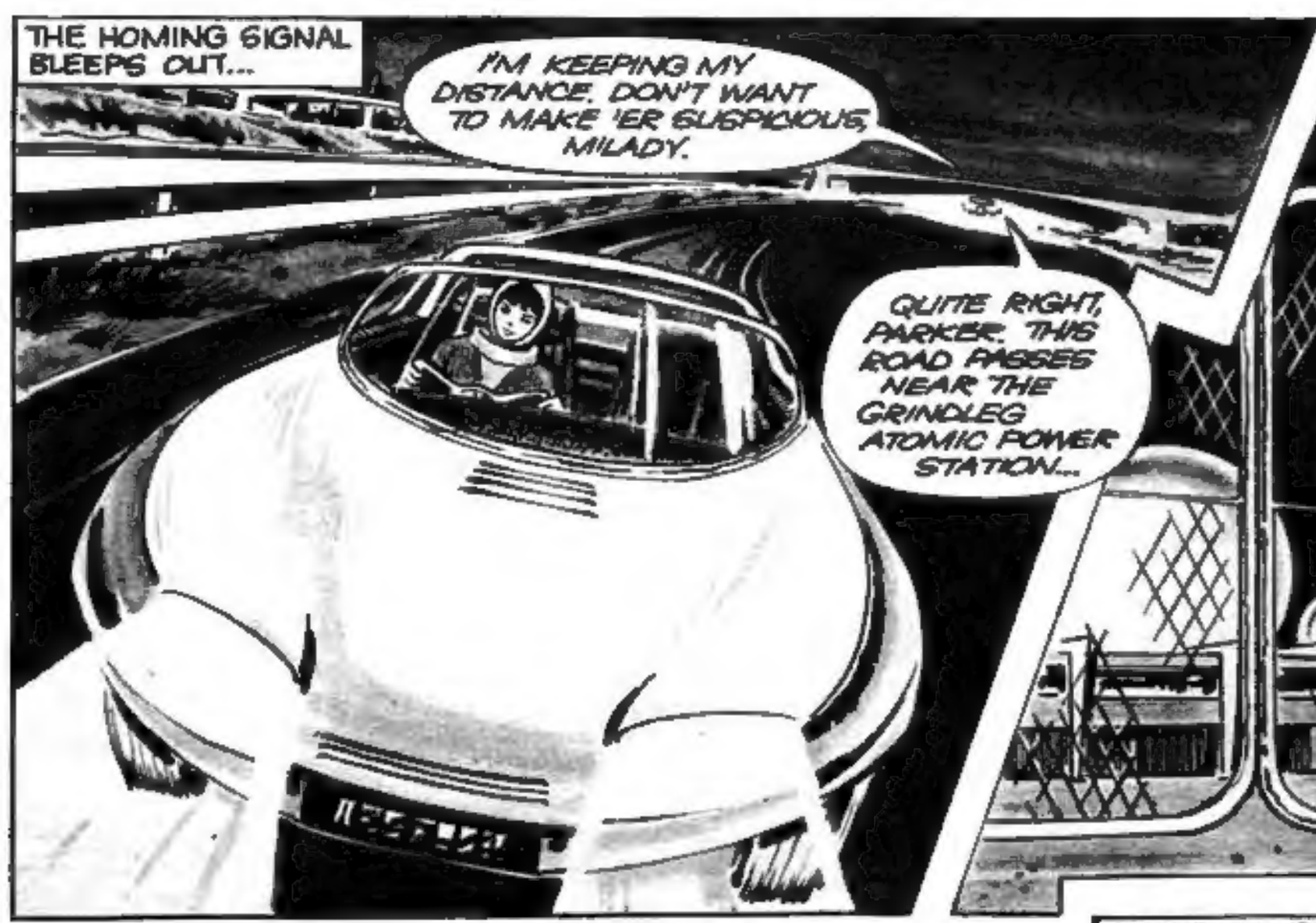
STEALING A BRIEF GLANCE AT THE ACCOMMODATION LEDGER, LADY PENELOPE DISCOVERS RUBY LOCK'S ROOM NUMBER...

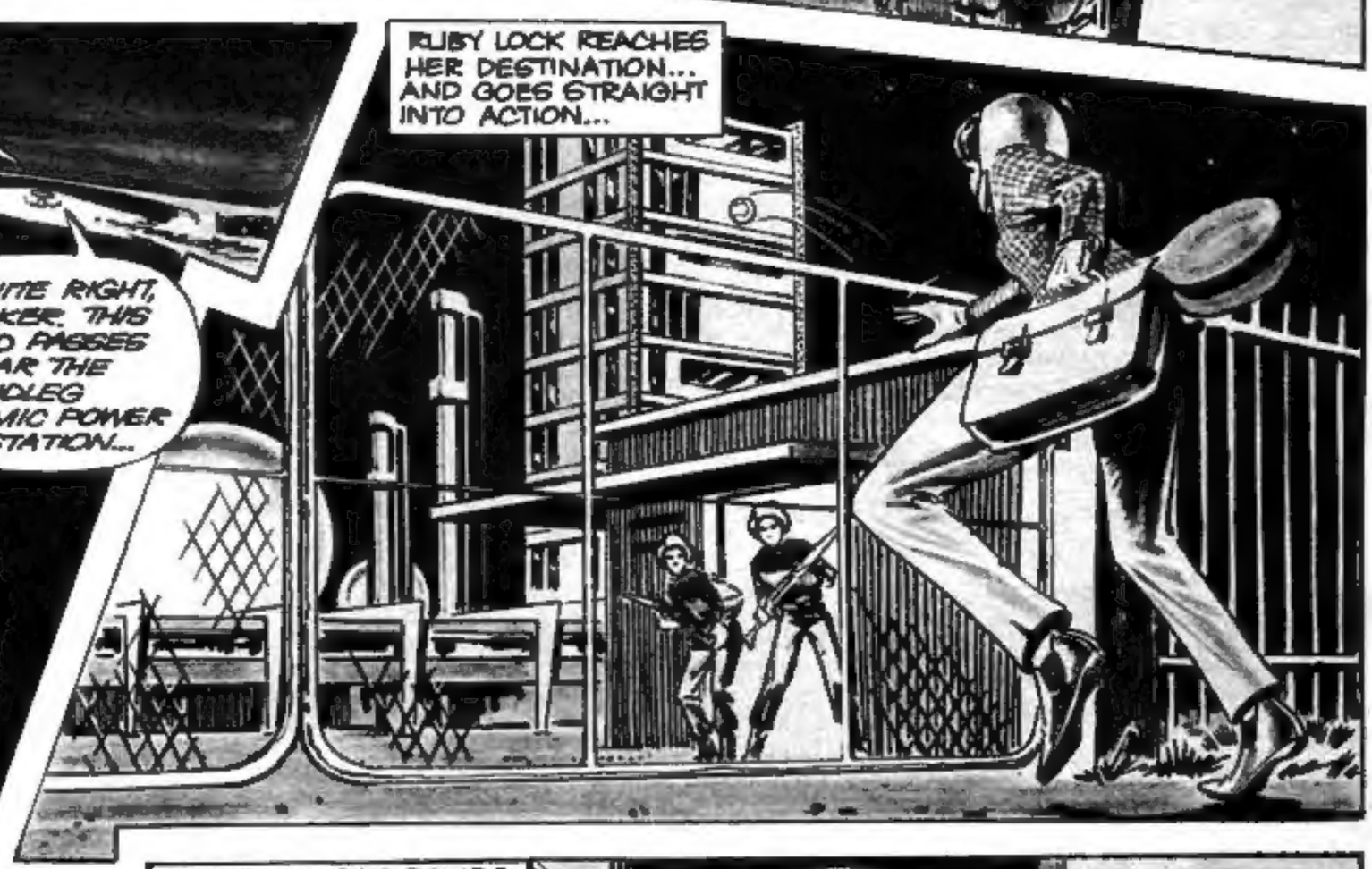
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, MISS LOCK, BUT I'M SUCH A FAN OF YOURS... CAN I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH...?
WELL... ALL RIGHT... GIVE ME YOUR BOOK.


AS THE TENNIS STAR SIGNS, SHE DOES NOT NOTICE LADY PENELOPE'S QUICK MOVEMENT.
THE DEVICE IS A RADIO CELL HOMED IN ON FAB ONE.

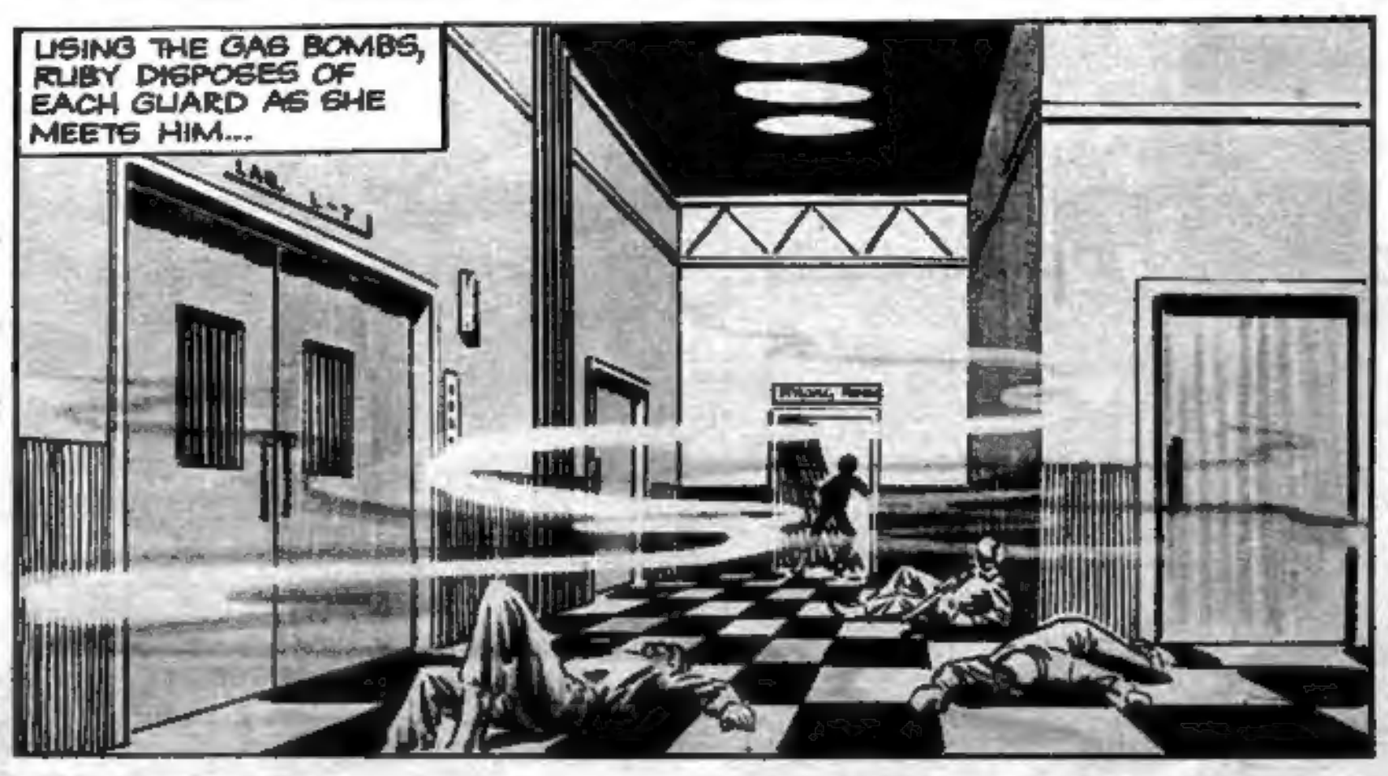
PENNY RETURNS TO HER CAR. SHE HAS FOUR HOURS TO WAIT...
'ERE SHE COMES, M'LADY... JUST AS YOU THOUGHT SHE WOULD.

AND SHE'S CARRYING HER RACKET BAG. IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR TENNIS, PARKER!


THE HOMING SIGNAL BLEEPS OUT...
I'M KEEPING MY DISTANCE. DON'T WANT TO MAKE 'ER SUSPICIOUS, M'LADY.
QUITE RIGHT, PARKER. THIS ROAD PASSES NEAR THE GRINDLEG ATOMIC POWER STATION...


RUBY LOCK REACHES HER DESTINATION... AND GOES STRAIGHT INTO ACTION...

THE TENNIS BALLS EXPLODE AT THE FEET OF THE GUARDS...


USING THE GAS BOMBS, RUBY DISPOSES OF EACH GUARD AS SHE MEETS HIM...

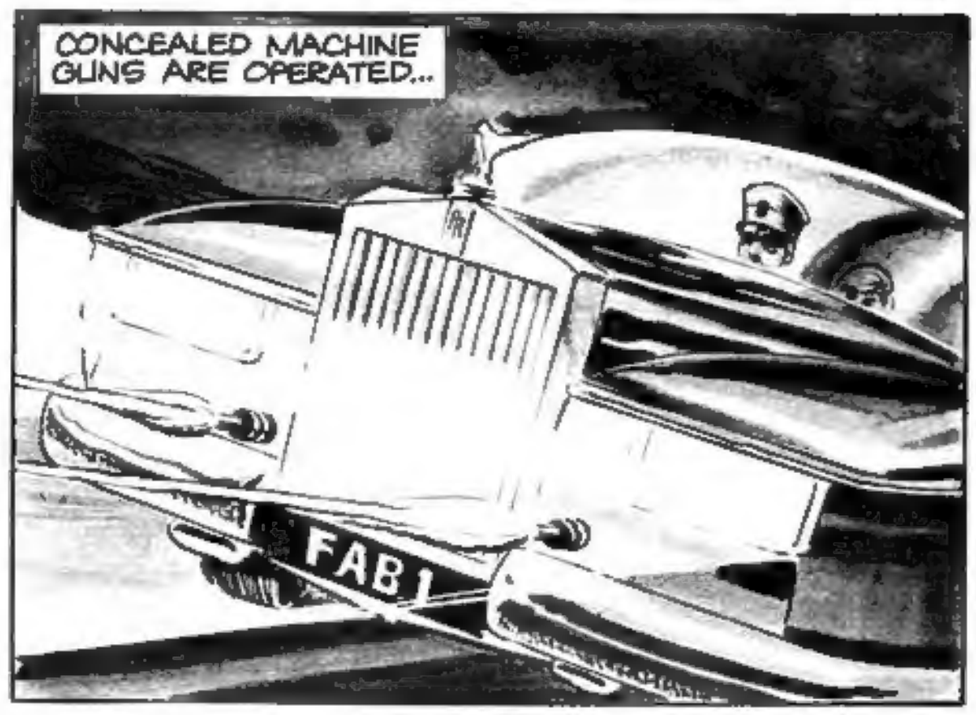
A NEAT OXYGEN MASK HAS PROTECTED THE INTRUDER...
EXPERTLY CANCELLING THE ALARM SYSTEMS AS SHE GOES, RUBY REACHES THE POWER STATION'S MASSIVE VAULT...
THE GIRL IS A SAFE CRACKER EQUAL TO PARKER'S STANDARD...
RUBY KNOWS WHICH DRAWER TO OPEN...
TOP SECRE
TOP SECRET
THEN SHE WITHDRAWS A TENNIS RACKET FROM HER BAG...
SUDDENLY...
SO THAT'S HOW YOU SMUGGLED THE PLANS OUT OF EACH COUNTRY. A VERY CLEVER COVER, MISS LOCK.
THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER...! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME!
ANOTHER TENNIS BALL FLASHES FROM RUBY'S HAND...
AAAA...!
THE SPY SLAMS THE VAULT DOOR FIRMLY SHUT...
BY THE TIME SHE'S FOUND, I'LL BE OUT OF THE COUNTRY.
BUT RUBY HAS RECKONED WITHOUT PARKER...
SOMETHING MUST 'AVE GONE WRONG. I'D BETTER FIND 'ER LADYSHIP.
FOLLOWING THE TRAIL INDICATED BY THE SENSELESS GUARDS, PARKER REALISES LADY PENELOPE'S FATE...
SHE MUST BE IN 'ERE...I'VE SEARCHED THE REST OF THIS FLOOR...

HALVING THE TIME IT TOOK RUBY, PARKER OPENS THE VAULT.
SHE'S BEEN GASSED... I'LL 'AVE TO REVIVE 'ER IN THE CAR.

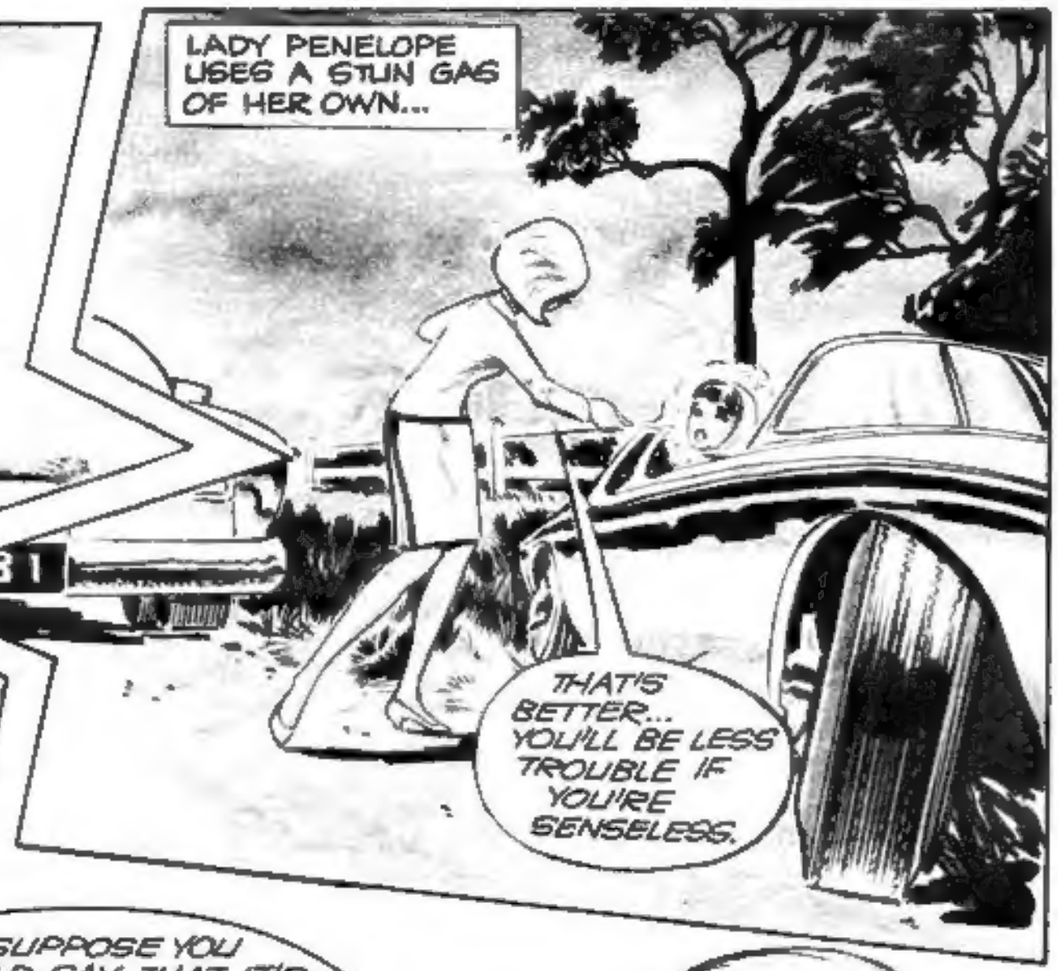
TAKING A SPECIAL ANTIDOTE FROM LADY PENELOPE'S HANDBAG, PARKER LET'S THE FUMES WAFT INTO HER LADYSHIP'S NOSTRILS.
PARKER... WHAT HAPPENED? OH, YES... THE GIRL! DID SHE GET AWAY?
NOT FOR LONG, M'LADY... 'OLD ON TO YOUR 'AT!

ACCELERATING TO MAXIMUM POWER, PARKER FOLLOWS THE TRANSMITTING HOMING SIGNAL...

SHE'S WITHIN RANGE NOW, M'LADY...
VERY WELL, PARKER... USE THE MACHINE GUNS... BUT REMEMBER, SHE STILL HAS THE PLANS.


CONCEALED MACHINE GUNS ARE OPERATED...
FAB 1

PARKER'S AIM IS TRUE...

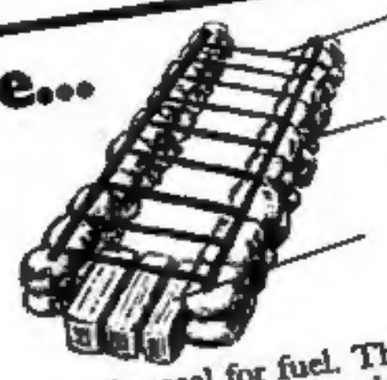

LADY PENELOPE USES A STUN GAS OF HER OWN...
FAB 1
THAT'S BETTER... YOU'LL BE LESS TROUBLE IF YOU'RE SENSELESS.

MAKING SURE TO TAKE THE TENNIS RACKETS CONTAINING THE SECRET PLANS, LADY PENELOPE TRANSFERS THE GIRL TO FAB ONE.
NOW WE DUMP 'ER ON THE SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS DOORSTEP, M'LADY?
YES... THEY WILL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A CHAMPION LIKE RUBY.
I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY THAT IT'S GAME, SET AND MATCH TO US, PARKER... QUITE AN EXCITING TOURNAMENT, TOO.

BARBECUE

SAUSAGES crackling over a fire . . . piping hot potatoes in their jackets . . . crowds of friends and loads of fun—that's a barbecue party. And it's one of the easiest parties to give. You provide the place, the food and the fire—and the guests do the rest! Some parties go like a bomb, some parties fall flat. But we've never known a barbecue that wasn't a roaring success! Maybe 'cause everybody cooks for themselves, and nobody needs to be shy or lonely? Whatever the reason, barbecues are always a big hit—so just follow these tips, and *yours* will be, too!

First you need the fire...



A barbecue pit is very easy to make. Just follow our simple diagram.

Ordinary bricks or big stones form the 'walls,' and any old iron grid you can find makes the grill. An old oven shelf would be ideal. You'll see that we've shown three flat house-bricks at one end for a 'hot-plate.' These absorb heat from the fire, and are useful to stand a saucepan on, and keep food warm once it's cooked.

Build your barbecue with the open end *facing* the direction of the wind, and use charcoal for fuel. This costs about 1/od. per lb. and it glows for hours. Remember to get it going about an hour before you start cooking, so that it's really red hot by the time you want to use it.

KEBABS

Lots of meat skewers needed for these, too—plus as many different ingredients as you can manage. Things like sausages, bacon, kidneys, pieces of liver, tomatoes, mushrooms, luncheon meat, etc. all add up to fabulous Kebabs. The idea is that everybody 'skewers' whatever selection they fancy, and then cooks it for themselves, by resting the skewer on the grid, and turning it slowly till everything is cooked. Then they eat it straight off the skewer! You'll probably invent some super Kebabs of your own, but here are a few ideas to start you off:-

1. Chipolata sausage, mushrooms, kidney and a tomato.
2. Piece of liver, kidney, bacon (rolled up and then spiked) mushrooms.
3. Banana wrapped in bacon, mushrooms.
4. Cubes of luncheon meat, bacon roll and pineapple cubes.

Frozen corn on the cob can be cooked like this, too, if you defrost it first, and baste it with butter continually while it's cooking.

SAUSAGE SPECIALS

Split pork sausages down the middle and fill them with sweet pickle. Then wrap them up together in a square 'parcel' of aluminium foil, sealing the edges carefully, and lay it on the barbecue grid to cook.

BACON BITES

Wind rashers of bacon round sausages, and secure them by spearing them with a meat skewer. You'll fit about three on to each skewer. Brush with fat or oil, and rest on the grid to cook, turn frequently.

POTATOES IN THEIR JACKETS

Choose large, unmarked potatoes and scrub them carefully. Don't peel them. Prick them all over with a fork and arrange them round the edges of the barbecue grid, turning them frequently.

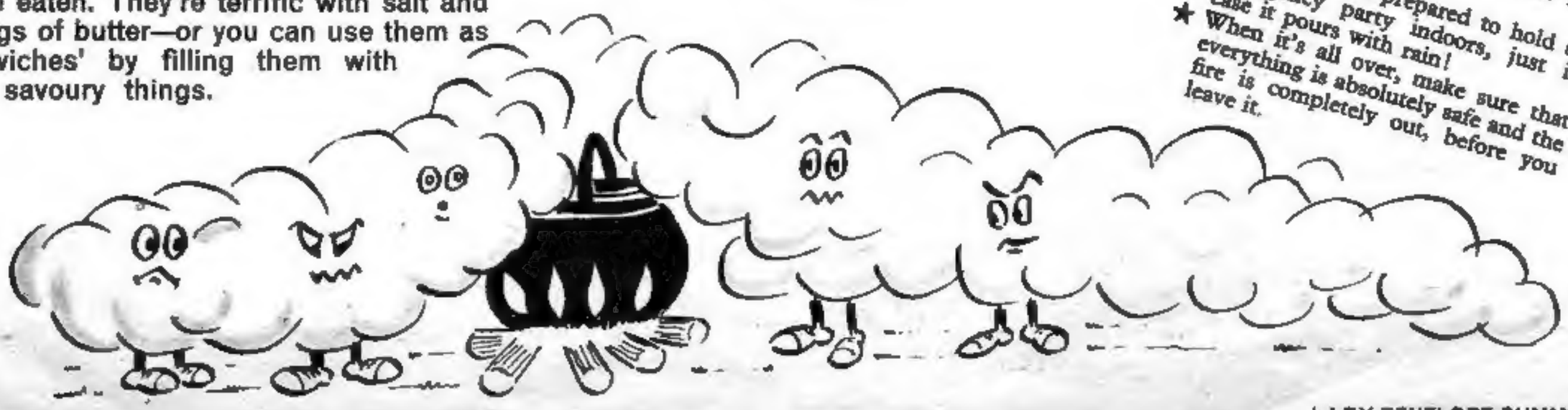
Have plenty, and keep replacing them as they're eaten. They're terrific with salt and lashings of butter—or you can use them as 'sandwiches' by filling them with other savoury things.

CHEESE AND BACON SPLIT

Cook bacon rashers over the fire. Split one of your hot, cooked potatoes and spread it with butter, adding a thin slice of cheese. Then put the bacon rasher inside, close it up—and eat it hot!

QUICK TIPS

★ Provide a few aprons for girls who turn up in new dresses.
★ Check with Dad *exactly* where you're going to build your barbecue, in case you choose his marrow patch by mistake!
★ Don't let people fool about near the fire. Charcoal is fairly safe, but you can't be too careful.
★ Have plenty of plates, forks, knives, salt and pepper handy. Soft bread rolls are useful, too, to hold hot sausages, etc.
★ If possible, be prepared to hold an emergency party indoors, just in case it pours with rain!
★ When it's all over, make sure that everything is absolutely safe and the fire is completely out, before you leave it.



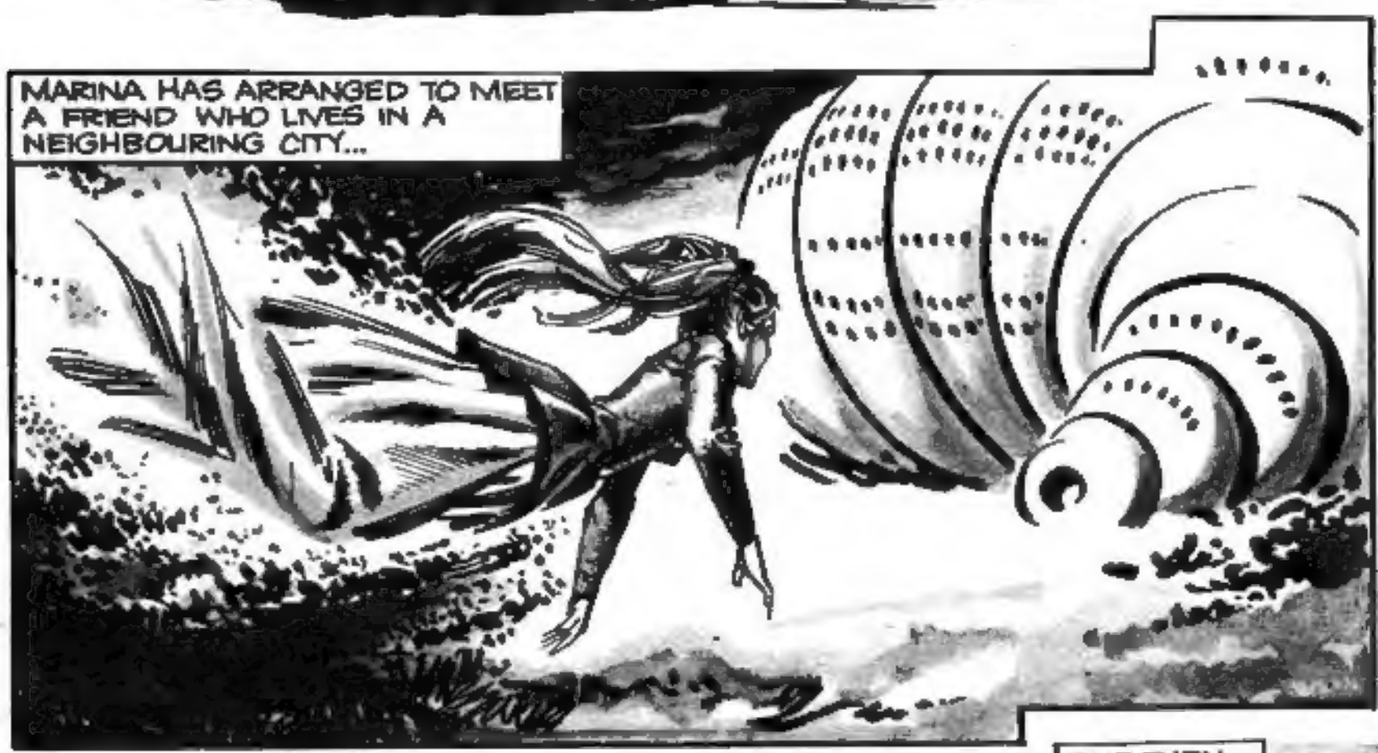
KEBABS

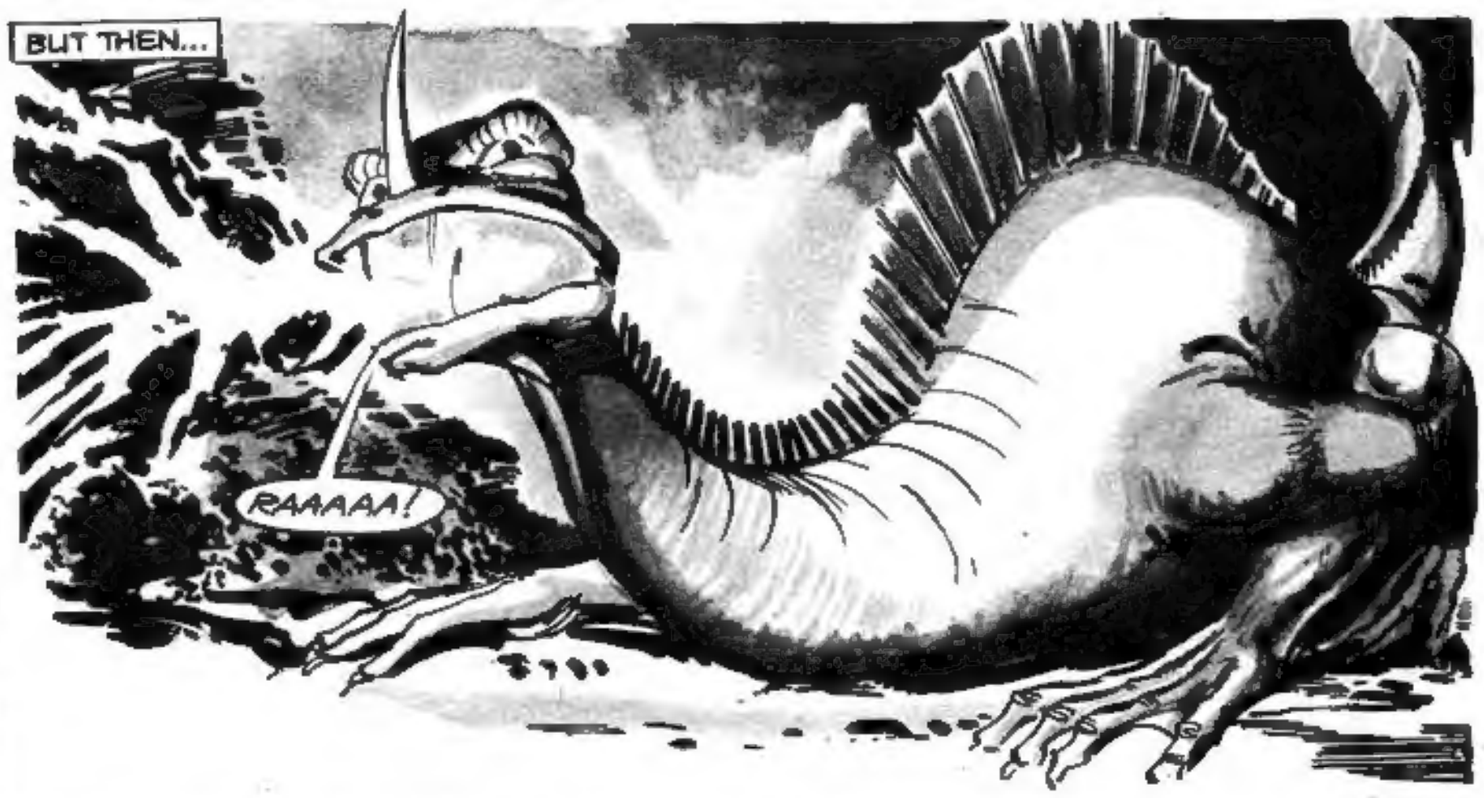
By courtesy of the Danish Food Centre, London.

POTATOES IN JACKETS

Marina

GIRL OF THE SEA





MARINA LOOKS BEHIND THE PILLAR...

THERE NOW. DO NOT BE FRIGHTENED... I WON'T HURT YOU.

SOMEHOW IT MUST HAVE GOT INTO THE CITY... THAT IS WHY ITS MOTHER IS ANGRY. I'LL TAKE IT OUT TO HER.
NO, MARINA... IT IS TOO DANGEROUS.

A DEAFENING ROAR MAKES MARINA'S BLOOD RUN COLD...
BUT MARINA'S MIND IS MADE UP...

BUT SHE HOLDS HER GROUND...

THE HOT FLAME OF THE MOTHER CREATURE BRUSHES MARINA'S CHEEK... BUT...

AND AS AMANDA SWIMS TO HER SIDE, MARINA WATCHES THE TWO DRAGONS GLIDE AWAY...
OH, MARINA... I THOUGHT SHE WAS GOING TO ATTACK YOU.
SO DID I... BUT SHE SAW THAT HER BABY WAS SAFE. COME.. LET'S GO AND WATCH THEM AT PLAY.

THE MEN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

ILLYA KURYAKIN

Real Name: David McCallum.
Height: 5 ft. 8 in.
Weight: 140 lbs.
Hair: blonde.
Eyes: blue.

Born: Sept. 19, 1933, Glasgow.
Parents:
David and Dorothy McCallum. Father lead violinist of London Philharmonic Orchestra.
Brother: Ian. 4 years older.
Educated:
Garlocham Council School, Dunbartonshire. Stirling High School. Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, London.

Biography:
1945: Began his dramatic studies. Worked for BBC Radio.
1951: Joined the army and was stationed in North Africa.
1957: Secretly married actress Jill Ireland in London. Completed ten films before leaving for Hollywood.

Personal:
Has three children, Jason, Paul and Valentine. Owns a house in the Southern Californian Hills. Drinks luke-warm coffee. Owns an extensive collection of firearms.
Favourite colours, black, dark red and dark green. Hobbies include oboe-playing.

09.30 hours: Message dispatched from Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward's mansion, England. Destination—U.N.C.L.E.
09.35 hours: Message received by her Ladyship's contact in New York, 0053, who proceeded to U.N.C.L.E. H.Q.
10.00 hours: Special security clearance issued to 0053 allowing him to enter the U.N.C.L.E. building.

This was the programme. Within hours of the message reaching it's destination, 0053 boarded a Fireflash airliner and was bound for London. He was met at the airport by Parker, who transported him back to the mansion in her Ladyship's pink Rolls-Royce, FAB 1. Delivery was made to her Ladyship's study. Here, Lady Penelope was in the process of updating her files on all known agents in the Free World. Taking the only duplicate key from a secret drawer in her desk, Lady Penelope released the handcuff attachment on the brief case. The dossiers were examined and filed. Her information on Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin was now up to date.

NAPOLEON SOLO

Real name: Robert Vaughn.
Height: 6 ft.
Weight: 175 lbs.
Hair: brown.
Eyes: brown.

Born: Nov. 30, 1932, New York.
Parents:
Walter and Marcella Vaughn. Father, radio actor, mother, Broadway star.
Educated:
Raised in Minneapolis by grandparents. University of Minnesota School of Journalism.

Biography:
1951: Won radio acting contract whilst still at University.
1952: Entered Los Angeles City College to study drama.
1956: Graduated with a degree in drama.

Personal:
Only prominent actor with Doctor of Philosophy Degree.
Lives in antique-filled, white-carpeted ranch house in Hollywood.
Enjoys spending money, dating girls and reading "good literature."
Keen politician, would like to try for United States President.
Plays tennis to keep slim.
Likes people with a sense of humour.
Dislikes snooping fans.
Owns a car with a built-in tape recorder, record player, bar and two telephones.

CHARACTERSCOPE

ARIES (The Ram): March 21st to April 19th.

Ambitious and a dreamer—that's you! Full of energy, you rush ahead with plans regardless.

YOU RE GOOD—at anything they say is impossible. You can't get to China and back on a bicycle? Try telling Miss Aries that! She'll immediately have a go—and she may make it!

YOU'RE BAD—at jobs which are a bore. You prefer dashing around doing something much more exciting—and not half as necessary!

YOU SHOULD WEAR—red! It's the colour of Mars, the God of War. Lucky stone: Diamond.

TAURUS (The Bull). April 20th to May 20th.

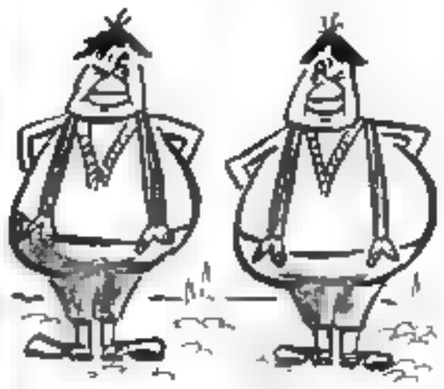
You have a rare old temper—so try to keep it under control! If you can, your stronger character and energy will really make you a force to be reckoned with!

YOU'RE GOOD—at anything which needs determination

YOU'RE BAD—at being persuaded! But as you're so kind to your friends and family, people usually forgive you for this little fault.

YOU SHOULD WEAR—green for luck And as Venus is your ruling planet, you'll probably look fabulous, because she stands for everything that's beautiful. Lucky stone. Sapphire.

GEMINI (The Twins): May 21st to June 20th.



Few people ever get the better of you in an argument! You're a quick, lively talker, but all this energy can make you touchy and irritable.

YOU'RE GOOD — at getting through masses of work in the shortest possible time.

YOU'RE BAD — at routine, planned tasks which need plodding concentration

YOU SHOULD WEAR—yellow, which is your lucky colour. Mercury is your ruling planet. Lucky stone: Emerald.

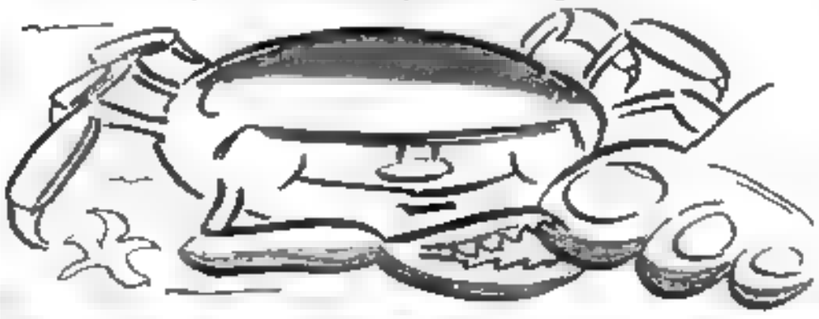
CANCER (The Crab): June 21st to July 22nd.

You are kind, affectionate and devoted. But don't be too timid and retiring, you have a lot of talent.

YOU'RE GOOD—at helping other people

YOU'RE BAD—at being bold and decisive.

YOU SHOULD WEAR—anything pale or white. The Moon rules your group, and you look best in any of her lovely silvery colours. Lucky stone: Agate.



LEO (The Lion): July 23rd to August 22nd.

Strong and brave—just like the lion—you're born to lead and take command. Weak people can turn to you for protection. But if they're sneaky-weak (the type who'd lie and cheat), they'd better not try anything on you!

YOU'RE GOOD — at organising, taking charge and generally running the show.

YOU'RE BAD—at playing second-fiddle and taking orders.

YOU SHOULD WEAR—anything orange or tawny. The sun rules your sign. Lucky stone: Ruby.

VIRGO (The Maiden): August 23rd to September 21st

'Anything for a change!' That could be the motto of the Virgo person! The same old routine bores you stiff, and you'd much rather be trotting round the world than settling down and staying in one place

YOU'RE GOOD—at solving intricate problems, and thinking things out in a neat orderly way. You get on well with people

YOU'RE BAD—at sticking to your opinions!

YOU SHOULD WEAR—grey when you want to be lucky. Mercury rules your sign. Lucky stone: Sardonyx.

LIBRA (The Scales): September 22nd to October 21st.

You are completely fair and honest. Maybe that's why friends so often ask for your advice.

YOU'RE GOOD—at co-operating with others and keeping your temper

YOU'RE BAD—at making a snap decision! Your advice is always good, but you need time to consider all the angles.

YOU SHOULD WEAR — rose pink, your lucky colour. Venus is your ruling planet, so people in your sign are often very beautiful Lucky stone: Chrysolite.

SCORPIO (The Scorpion): October 22nd to November 20th.

The Scorpion has a nasty sting—and so have you, when provoked! Scorpio is a strong sign, producing many talented and artistic people.

YOU'RE GOOD — at anything which needs courage and drive.

YOU'RE BAD—at taking advice, and budgeting your money!

YOU SHOULD WEAR—crimson, which suits your red hot personality. Mars, the God of War, rules your sign! Lucky stone: Opal

SAGITTARIUS (The Archer): November 21st to December 20th.

'Generous to a fault!' That describes the typical Sagittarian. But don't forget to think of yourself, sometimes!

YOU'RE GOOD—at anything connected with the open air and sport.

YOU RE BAD — at hiding your feelings

YOU SHOULD WEAR — mauve, which is your lucky colour. Jupiter is your ruling planet. Lucky stone: Topaz.

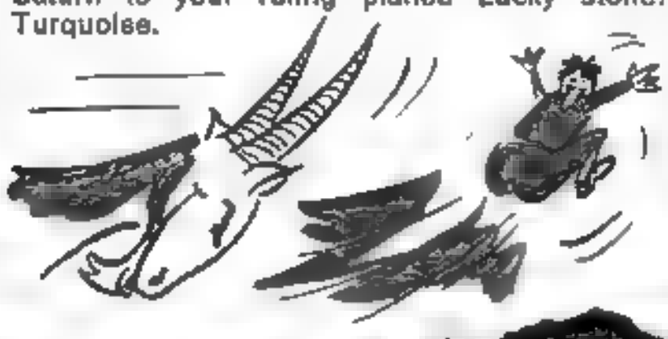
CAPRICORN (The Goat): December 21st to January 19th.

You're quick, lively and determined. Maybe you're a little self-willed, but generally popular.

YOU'RE GOOD—at living on very little money

YOU'RE BAD—at putting up with people you don't like.

YOU SHOULD WEAR—black. Mysterious Saturn is your ruling planet. Lucky stone: Turquoise.



AQUARIUS (The Water Carrier): January 20th to February 18th.

You're a day-dreamer . . . not a bit conventional. But you have lots of friends—the sort who don't mind you being a bit of a character.

YOU'RE GOOD—at anything mechanical or scientific. Maybe you even invent things.

YOU'RE BAD—at putting your thoughts into action!

YOU SHOULD WEAR—black, which brings you luck from ruling planets, Saturn and Uranus. Lucky stone: Amethyst.

PISCES (The Fishes): February 19th to March 20th.

It's uncanny, the way you get 'hunches' about things—and they turn out to be right. Maybe it's your extra-sensitive nature. So, when Miss Pisces gets a 'feeling' about something, people should listen.

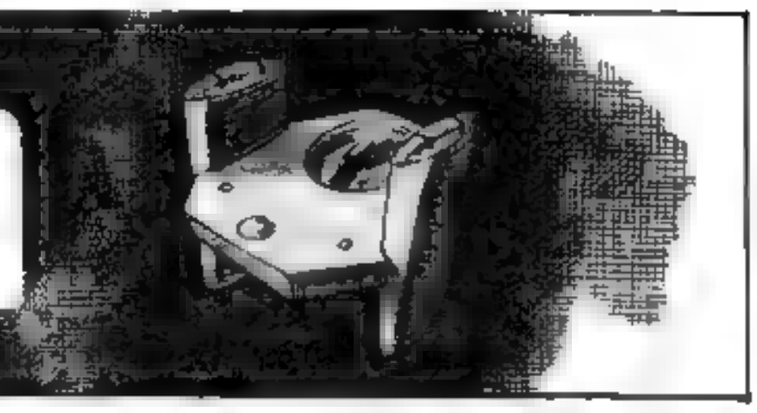
YOU'RE GOOD—at anything artistic or creative.

YOU'RE BAD—at pushing yourself. You lack drive, maybe because you're shy

YOU SHOULD WEAR—blue, your lucky colour. Jupiter is your ruling planet. Lucky stone: Bloodstone.

FOUR PIONEERS SET OUT TO EXPLORE THE UNKNOWN . . . AND ARE NOW LOST IN SPACE!

Space Family Robinson



The Robinson family, who are the crew of Earth's first space station, have been thrown into a strange galaxy by a giant cosmic explosion. Time passes and they drift into yet another solar system . . .

WELL, ALL THE TESTS INDICATE THAT THE SURFACE AND ATMOSPHERE ARE SIMILAR TO OURS ON EARTH!

CAN WE GO, DAD, PLEASE? IT'S AGES SINCE WE'VE BEEN ON A PLANET!

ALL RIGHT... I'D BE HAPPIER IF YOUR MOTHER OR ME WAS GOING WITH YOU... BUT WE'RE GOING TO BE BUSY CHARTING A NEW COURSE.

WE'LL BE OKAY, DAD. WE CAN KEEP IN RADIO CONTACT!

THANKS, DAD!

SOON A SPACEMOBILE IS LEAVING THE GIANT SPACE STATION...

YAKKER AND CLANCY ARE GOING TO ENJOY THIS AS MUCH AS WE ARE, TIM!

LET'S TAKE A QUICK EXPLORATION TRIP BEFORE WE LAND!

BUT, TIM, YOU PROMISED DAD WE WOULDN'T GO EXPLORING IN CASE THE PLANET IS INHABITED!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH GIRLS, THEY ALWAYS WORRY. WOW .. LOOK.. IT'S FANTASTIC!

IT'S EERIE, TOO. WHERE ARE ALL THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE THERE?

WE'LL LAND OUTSIDE AND TAKE A LOOK ROUND.

TIM FOLLOWS THE PATH OF A ROAD TO THE EDGE OF THE CITY AND SETS THE SPACEMOBILE DOWN.

COME ON, TAM. I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THAT CITY!

WELL, I DON'T LIKE IT. ANYWAY, YOU'VE GOT TO RADIO DAD FIRST AND TELL HIM WE'RE HERE OKAY!

TIM CONTACTS THE SPACE STATION

RADIO RECEPTION IS VERY BAD, TIM. DON'T STRAY TOO FAR FROM THAT SPACEMOBILE!

CRACKLE. OKAY .. CRACKLE... DAD...

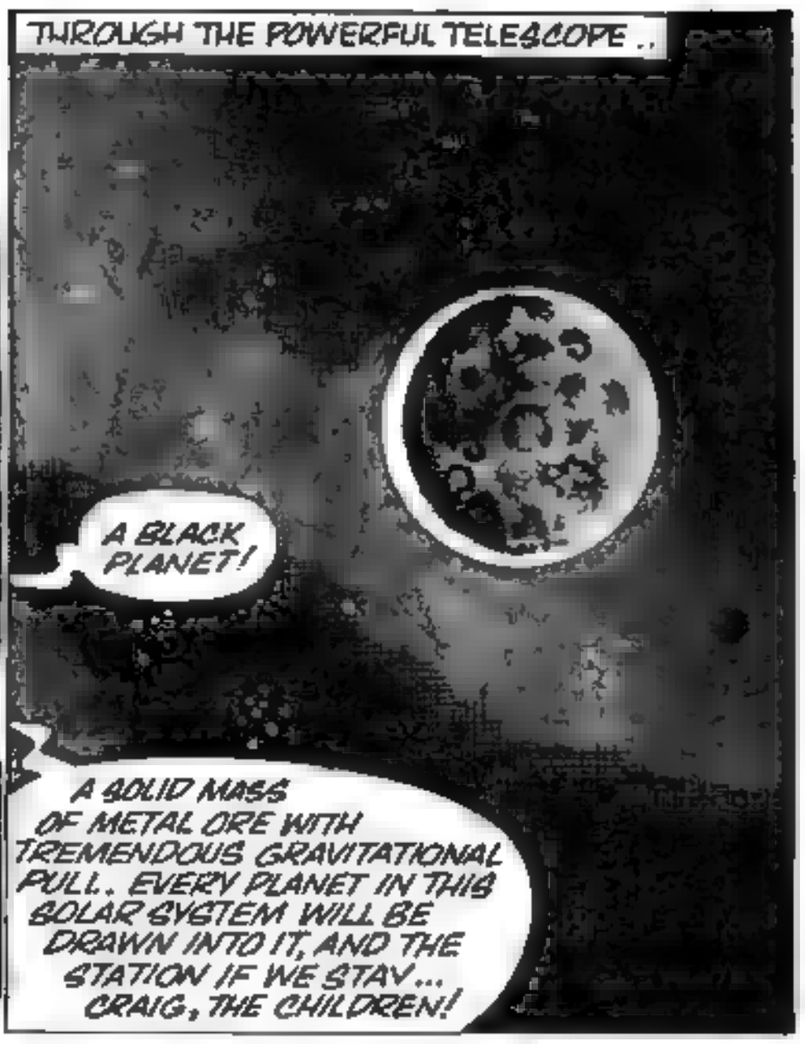
I WONDER WHAT'S CAUSING THAT STATIC INTERFERENCE!

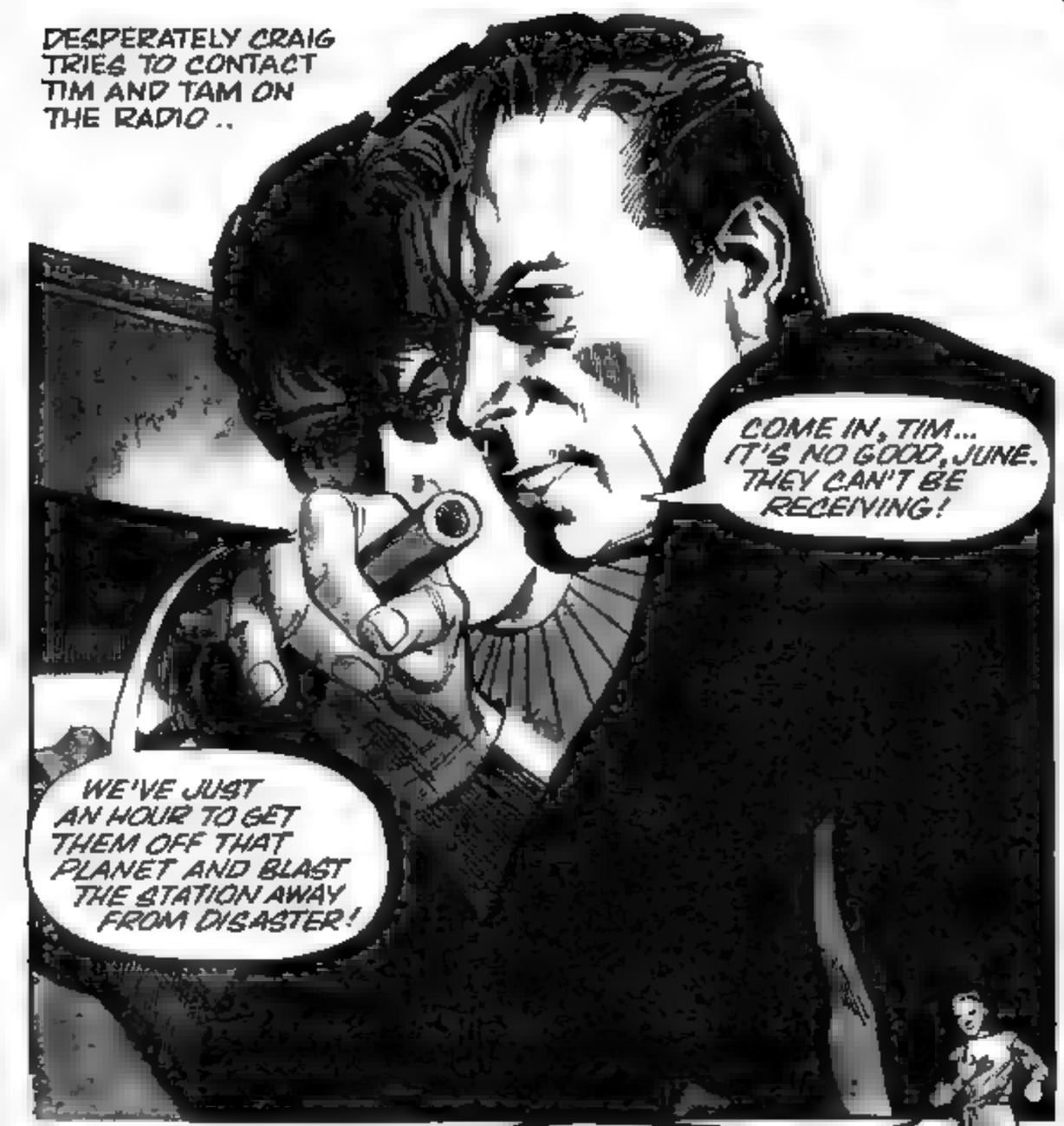
CRAIG, COME AND LOOK AT THESE DIALS. THEY'RE GOING CRAZY!

© 1964 by Western Publishing Co., Inc.

THE SOURCE SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THIS DIRECTION!
WE'D BETTER CHECK IT ON THE TELESCOPE!

IN THE STATION'S OBSERVATORY A SYSTEMATIC SWEEP BEGINS THEN...
I'VE FOUND THE ANSWER, CRAIG.. AND IT'S NOT A VERY GOOD ONE!


THROUGH THE POWERFUL TELESCOPE..
A BLACK PLANET!
A SOLID MASS OF METAL ORE WITH TREMENDOUS GRAVITATIONAL PULL. EVERY PLANET IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM WILL BE DRAWN INTO IT, AND THE STATION IF WE STAY... CRAIG, THE CHILDREN!


DESPERATELY CRAIG TRIES TO CONTACT TIM AND TAM ON THE RADIO..
COME IN, TIM... IT'S NO GOOD, JUNE. THEY CAN'T BE RECEIVING!
WE'VE JUST AN HOUR TO GET THEM OFF THAT PLANET AND BLAST THE STATION AWAY FROM DISASTER!

WE'LL USE THE HYPERSONIC ANTI-STATIC TRANSMITTER. LET'S HOPE TIM THINKS TO RE-TUNE HIS WRIST RADIO!
ALL SET, CRAIG. LET'S GO!

ON THE DOOMED PLANET...
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL DAD ABOUT THE CITY?
THE RECEPTION WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO GO INTO DETAILS. NOW COME ON, TAM... OR WE WON'T SEE ANYTHING!

HERE'S THE ROAD, SIG. NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FOLLOW IT INTO THE CITY!
I WISH YOU WEREN'T SO IMPATIENT, TIM... YOU'RE ALWAYS IN SUCH A HURRY!

I WONDER WHAT THESE CRACKS ARE IN THE ROAD?
JUST NEGLECT I RECKON... THE CITY WAS IN RUINS!

WHOEVER LIVED HERE WERE MARVELLOUS ENGINEERS!
THEY WERE CERTAINLY AN ADVANCED CIVILISATION... BUT WHERE HAVE THEY GONE AND WHY?

SOON TIM AND TAM ARE IN THE CENTRE OF THE MAGNIFICENT RUINS...
WE'D BETTER MIND HOW WE GO. SOME OF THESE BUILDINGS CAN'T BE TOO SAFE!
DON'T YOU THINK WE OUGHT TO BE GETTING BACK? SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YAKKER AND CLANCY?

SUDDENLY .
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE THAT THE PLASTIC ROOF OF THIS THING IS AS STRONG AS IT LOOKS!

THE VIOLENT QUAKE SUBSIDES...
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, TIM?
I WAS JUST WONDERING IF THIS THING STILL OPERATES. IT SEEMS TO HAVE JUST THIS SINGLE CONTROL!

WITH A HIGH PITCHED WHINE, THE MOTOR SINGS WITH LIFE AND THE STRANGE MACHINE LURCHES FORWARD...
WE'RE IN LUCK, TAM... WE'LL SOON MAKE IT BACK TO THE SPACEMOBILE. HOLD ON!

THE HOVERCAR SPEEDS ALONG THE CITY HIGHWAY TOWARDS THE BRIDGE
WHOEVER LIVED HERE ONLY LEFT RECENTLY, OTHERWISE THIS MACHINE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN WORKING SO WELL!
STOP, TIM LOOK, THE BRIDGE... IT'S GONE. WE'RE CUT OFF!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SCENE...
WHAT CAN WE DO, TIM? THE SPACEMOBILE IS JUST BELOW THOSE MOUNTAINS. IT WILL BE SMASHED TO PIECES!
OUR LAST CHANCE IS TO TRY HYPERSONIC FREQUENCY ON THE RADIO. WE MIGHT GET THROUGH TO THE STATION!

TIM QUICKLY RESETS THE FREQUENCY COUNTER ON HIS WRIST RADIO...
SPACE STATION, CAN YOU HEAR ME? SPACE STATION..
KEEP TALKING, TIM. I'M TRYING TO FIX YOUR POSITION. WE HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE, AND THIS SMOKE IS COVERING EVERYTHING!
IT'S DAD!

FOLLOWING TIM'S VOICE AS A RADIO BEACON, CRAIG TRACKS AN ACCURATE PATH THROUGH THE PALL OF VOLCANO SMOKE...

SORRY, WE LOST THE OTHER SPACEMOBILE, DAD!
YOU DIDN'T, TIM. YOUR MOTHER AND I FOUND IT. AT THIS MOMENT SHE'S ON HER WAY BACK TO PREPARE THE STATION FOR IMMEDIATE BLAST OFF!

THE SPACE STATION IS REACHED...
JUNE, AS SOON AS THAT HATCH CLOSES FIRE ALL ROCKETS!
YES, CRAIG, ONLY HURRY!

THE ROCKET ENGINES FIGHT FOR FREEDOM AGAINST THE FANTASTIC GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE BLACK PLANET...
SPEED TWO HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR... TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES PER HOUR... WE'VE DONE IT, JUNE!
YES, CRAIG, BUT ONLY JUST!

THAT WAS WHY THE CITY WAS DESERTED. IT'S SAD TO THINK ALL THOSE PEOPLE HAD TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES!
YES, TAM, IT IS. AT THIS MOMENT THEY'RE JUST LOST SPACE TRAVELLERS LIKE US!

BRITAIN'S TOP SELLING WEEKLY FOR GIRLS

LADY PENELOPE

(and boys go for it too!)

Adventure and intrigue with
LADY PENELOPE
SPACE FAMILY ROBINSON
MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
MARINA

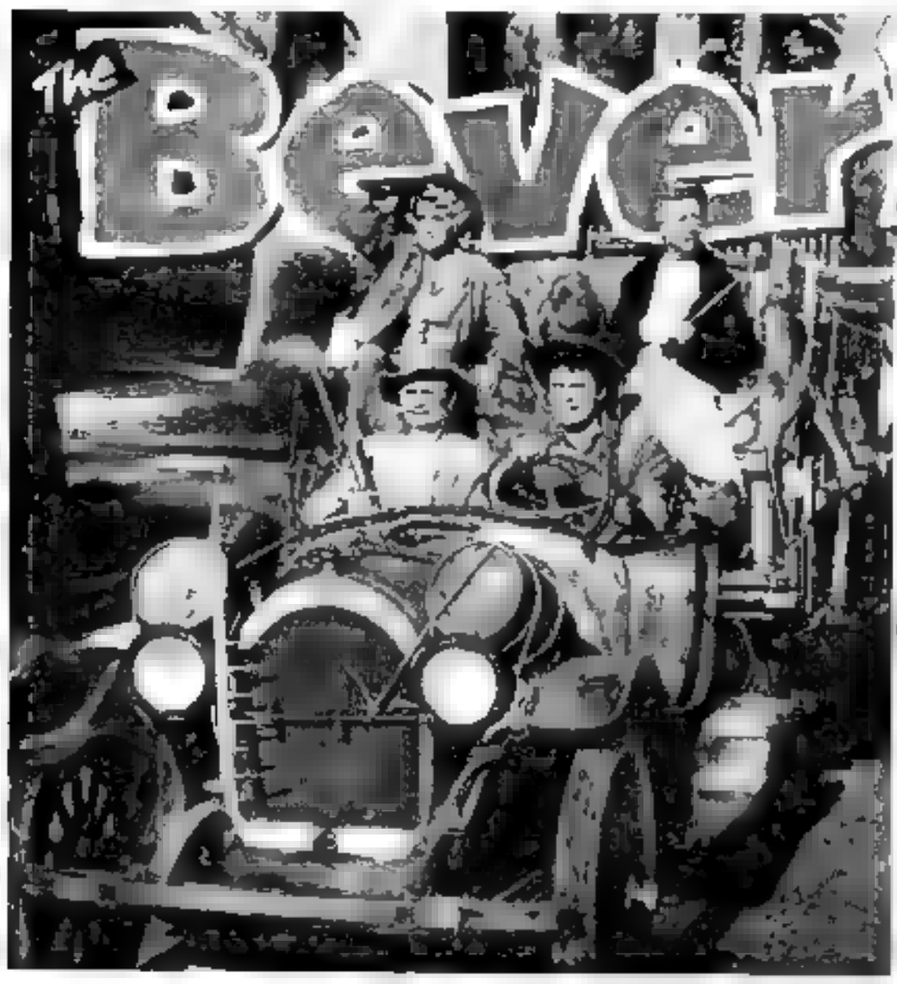
Laughs with
BEWITCHED
BEVERLY HILLBILLIES
PERILS OF PARKER

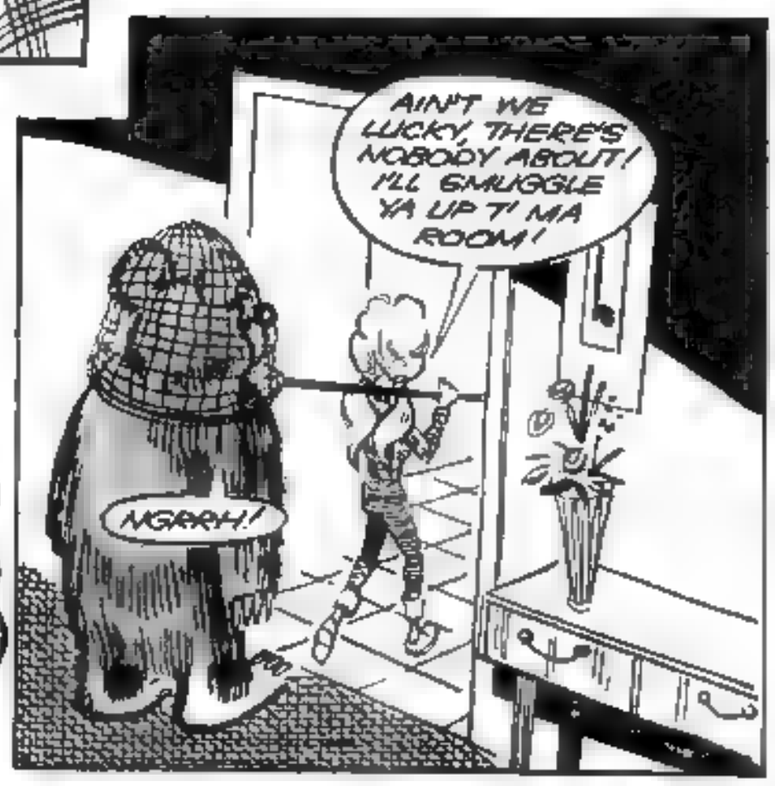
PLUS Fashion
Competitions
Big Prizes
Every Week

OUT WEDNESDAY 7D

OIL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR OIL . . . THOSE HILARIOUS HILLBILLIES HAVE STRUCK IT RICH!

The Beverly Hillbillies





c 1966 Filmways TV Productions Inc., All Rights Reserved

CLICKETY CLICK!

25 KODAK INSTAMATIC CAMERAS TO BE WON

NAME THESE FAMOUS PLACES

Who needs a photographic memory? Members of the Federal Agents' Bureau do. They are expected to commit faces, places and documents to memory and store them until needed—just like a camera. In this competition we're supplying the cameras for you to win, all you have to do is use your memory. Use it correctly and you could become the owner of one of these Kodak Instamatic 25 cameras.

HOW TO WIN

A. UNITED NATIONS BUILDING, AMERICA.
B. EIFFEL TOWER, FRANCE.
C. LEANING TOWER OF PISA, ITALY.
D. SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE, AUSTRALIA.
E. NOTRE DAME, FRANCE.
F. BIG BEN, ENGLAND.

Above is a list of famous places. All you have to do is look at the six photographs opposite and correctly identify each one with the names in the list. When you have identified all the pictures, put them in their correct order in the appropriate boxes on the cut-out entry coupon on this page and fill in your full name, address and age.

Then in not more than 10 words complete the sentence on the coupon: "I would like a Kodak camera because....."

Post your entry to the address given on the coupon, to arrive not later than the 8th July, 1966.

RULES:-

All entries will be examined and the twenty five which, in the opinion of the judges have the most original completion of sentence and identify the six places correctly will be the winners.

Age and neatness will be taken into consideration when the entries are judged.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. other than relatives or agents of employees of A.P. Films (Merchandising) Ltd., City Magazines Ltd., or LADY PENELOPE magazine.

The Editor's decision is final in all matters concerning this competition, and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERED INTO CONCERNING IT. Do not enclose any other correspondence, queries or photographs with your entry. Entries which do so are liable to disqualification. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. Winners' names will be printed in LADY PENELOPE as soon as possible. Winners will be notified by post within three weeks after closing date.

ENTRY FOR THIS COMPETITION IS FREE. CLOSING DATE: 8th JULY, 1966.

FAMOUS PLACES COMPETITION

NAME.....

.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

..... AGE.....

.....

I think the names of the places are as follows:

1. ☐ 2. ☐ 3. ☐

4. ☐ 5. ☐ 6. ☐

I would like a Kodak camera because.....

.....

.....

.....(limit 10 words)

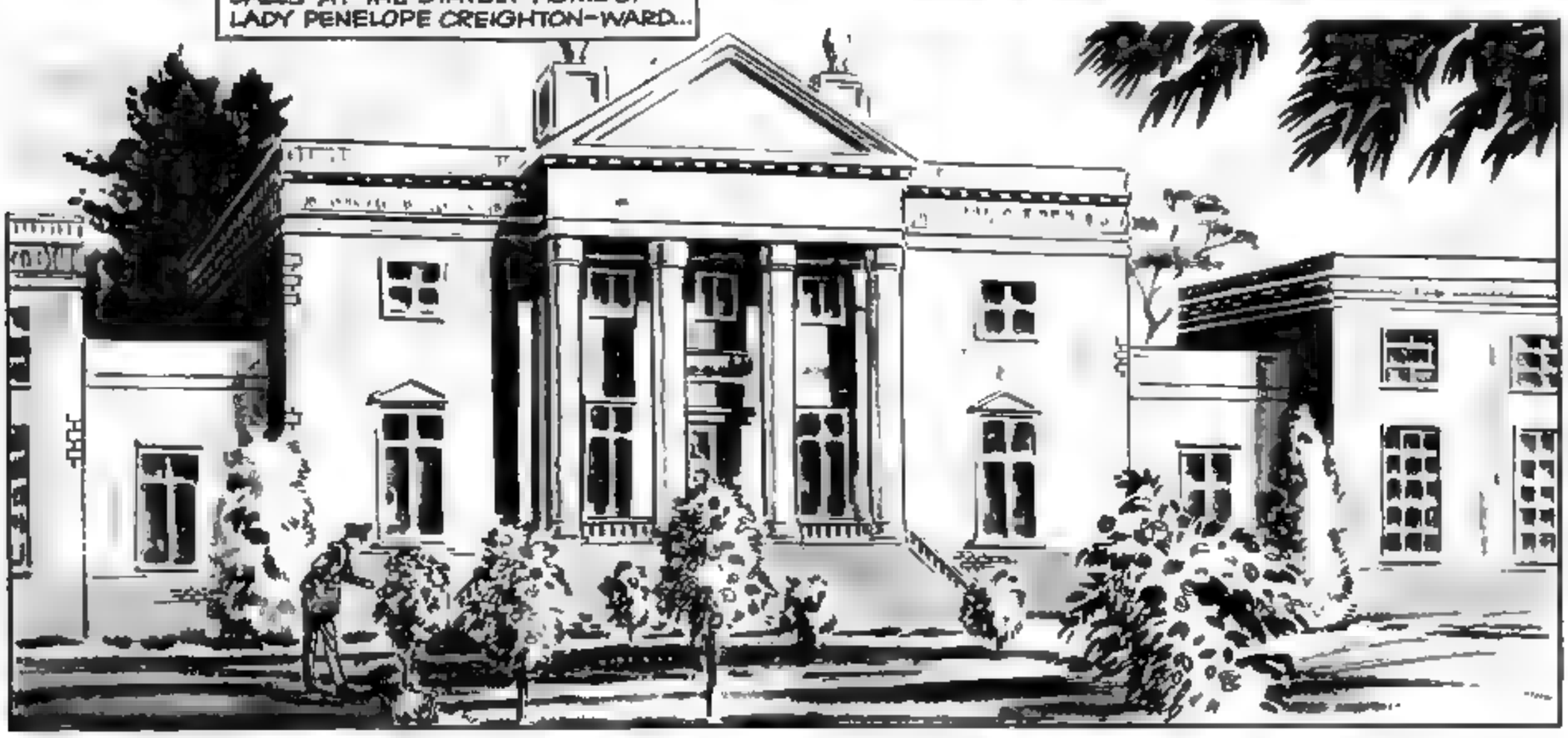
POST TO: LADY PENELOPE EXTRA, FAMOUS PLACES COMPETITION, 317 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.99.

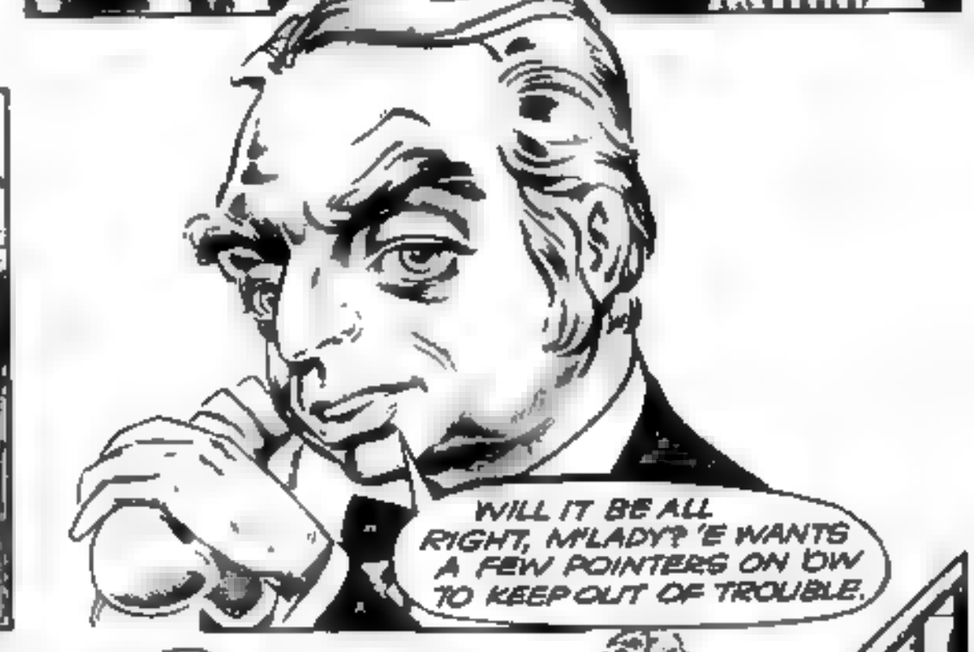
Photographs on opposite page by courtesy of British Overseas Airways Corporation and Tourist Photo Library Ltd.

1
2
3
4
5
6

Lady PENELOPE

ODDS AGAINST PARKER





NEXT MORNING, LADY PENELOPE AWAKES AND RINGS FOR HER TEA...
THAT'S ODD... PARKER IS GENERALLY SO PUNCTUAL...

A SEARCH OF THE HOUSE REVEALS THAT PARKER HAS FAILED TO RETURN...
PERHAPS HE MISSED THE LAST BUS FROM LONDON, PROBABLY STAYED THE NIGHT IN TOWN.

BUT BY FOUR O'CLOCK PARKER IS STILL ABSENT...
YES, INSPECTOR... IF YOU WOULD CHECK THE HOSPITALS AND OTHER PLACES YOU CAN THINK OF...
LEAVE IT TO US, YOUR LADYSHIP... WE'LL FIND OLD PARKER FOR YOU.

THE POLICE RING BACK...
I SEE... ABSOLUTELY NO TRACE... NO... I DON'T THINK I WANT HIM PUT ON THE MISSING PERSONS LIST JUST YET.

A CALL TO JEFF TRACY OF INTERNATIONAL RESCUE IS NEXT...
IT'S SO UNLIKE PARKER TO BE AWAY SO LONG.
RELAX, PENNY... THERE'S PROBABLY SOME PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION. HE'S A GREAT GUY... HE'LL BE BACK SOON.

BED TIME... AND STILL NO PARKER...
THIS IS MOST UPSETTING. I DO HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT.

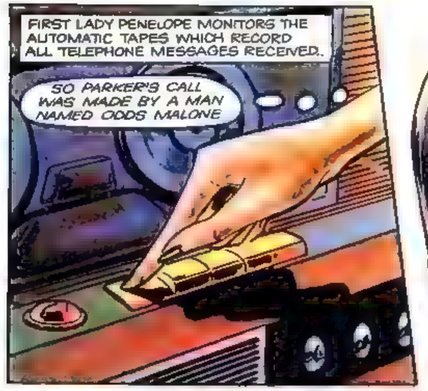
TWO A.M. BURGLARS BREAK IN TO THE MANSION...
THIS IS A PIECE OF CAKE.
YEH... ONCE YOU KNOW WHERE THE ALARM SYSTEMS ARE, IT'S EASY.

THE FURTIVE FIGURES KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO TAKE...
THIS IS THE ONE... NOW JUST THE NECKLACE FROM THE DRAWING ROOM...
I'LL OPEN THE SECRET PANEL...

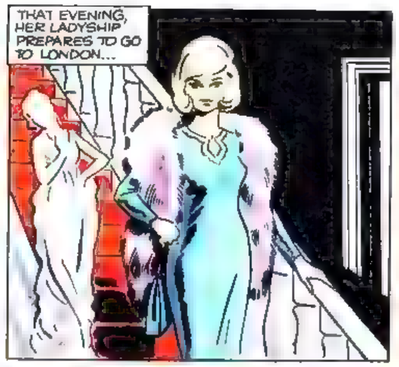
AND IN THE MORNING...
MY BEAUTIFUL PAINTINGS... THE BEST SILVER... ALL GONE.

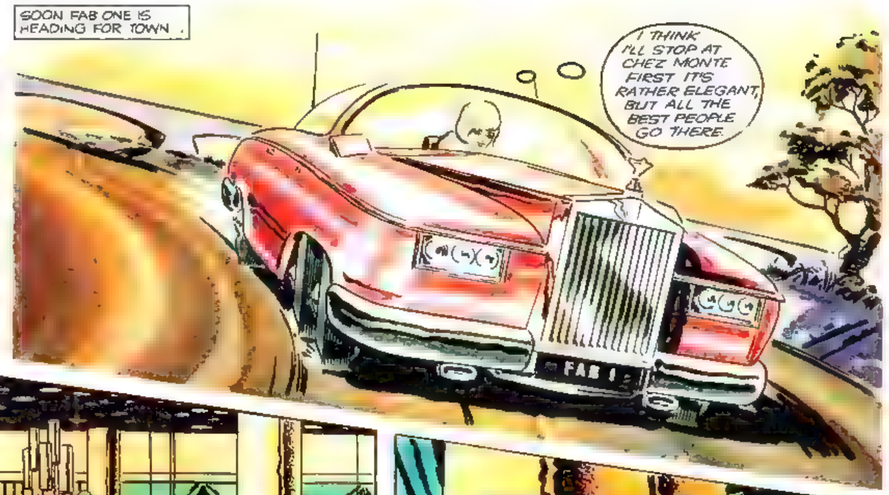
JEFF TRACY, ON HIS SECRET ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC, DRAWS CONCLUSIONS...
GUESS EVERYTHING POINTS TO PARKER, PENNY... BUT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE'S TURNED CROOKED ON YOU.
I KNOW, JEFF... BUT THE NECKLACE IN THE CONCEALED PANEL... ONLY HE AND I KNEW ABOUT THAT.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, PENNY.. CALL IN THE POLICE?
I DON'T THINK SO, JEFF I'M SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET AGENT... I THINK I'LL DEAL WITH PARKER MYSELF!


FIRST LADY PENELOPE MONITORS THE AUTOMATIC TAPES WHICH RECORD ALL TELEPHONE MESSAGES RECEIVED.
SO PARKER'S CALL WAS MADE BY A MAN NAMED ODDS MALONE

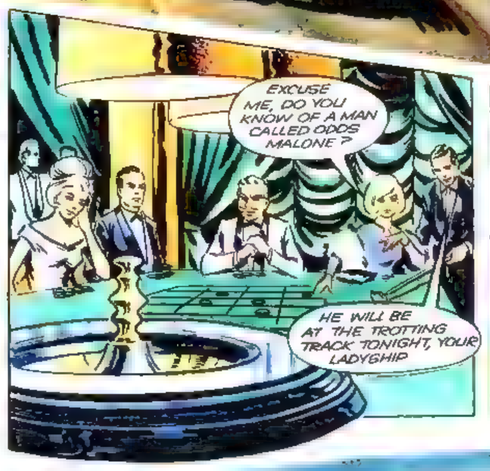
ANYONE WITH A NAME LIKE THAT MUST BE A GAMBLER.

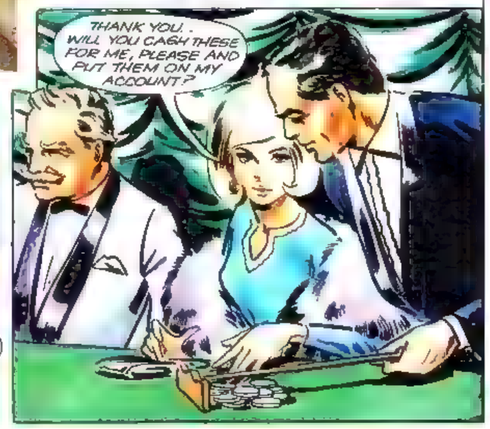

THAT EVENING, HER LADYSHIP PREPARES TO GO TO LONDON...

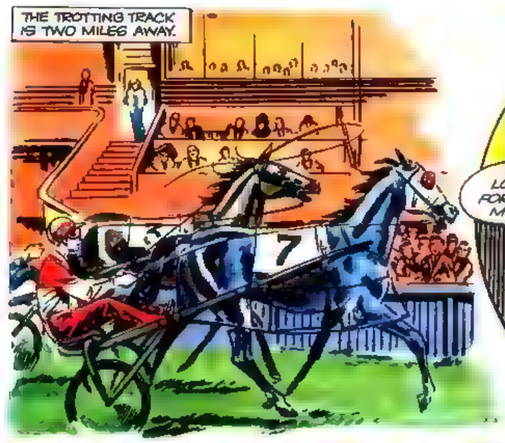

SOON FAB ONE IS HEADING FOR TOWN.
I THINK I'LL STOP AT CHEZ MONTE FIRST IT'S RATHER ELEGANT, BUT ALL THE BEST PEOPLE GO THERE.
FAB 1

TO THINK I TRUSTED PARKER HE'S BEEN WITH ME FOR YEARS... AND THEN HE HAS TO DO THIS TO ME IT'S TOO BAD OF HIM!

THE CHEZ MONTE CASINO... NIGHT SPOT OF A GAY CITY...
Chez Monte


EXCUSE ME, DO YOU KNOW OF A MAN CALLED ODDS MALONE?
HE WILL BE AT THE TROTTING TRACK TONIGHT, YOUR LADYSHIP

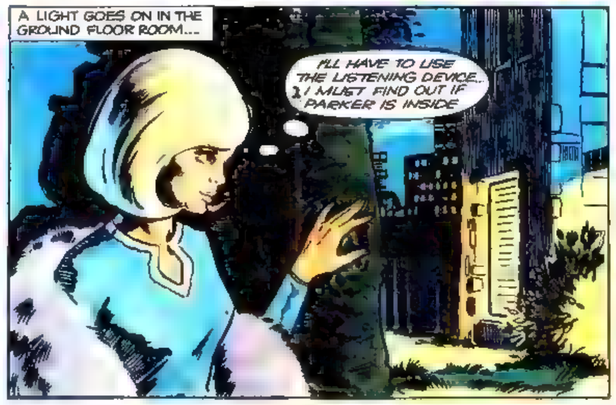

THANK YOU. WILL YOU CASH THESE FOR ME, PLEASE AND PUT THEM ON MY ACCOUNT?

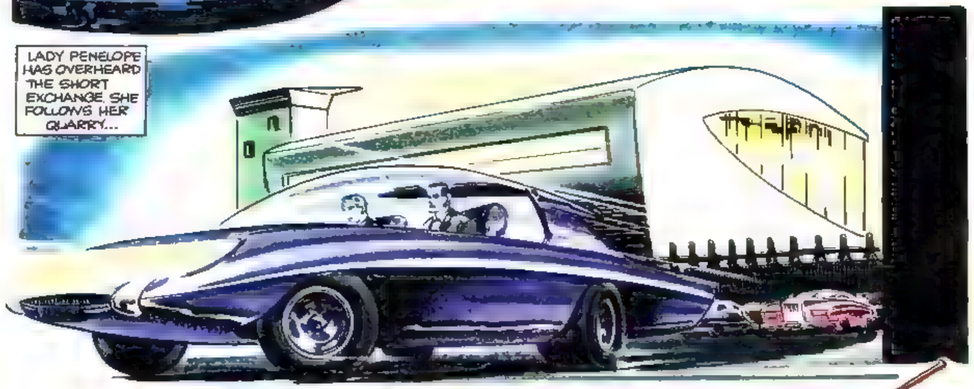

THE TROTTING TRACK IS TWO MILES AWAY.

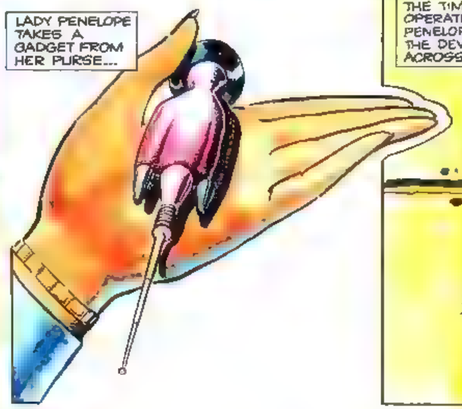
HONEST
I'M LOOKING FOR MR ODDS MALONE
UP IN THE OWNERS' RING, M'LADY..

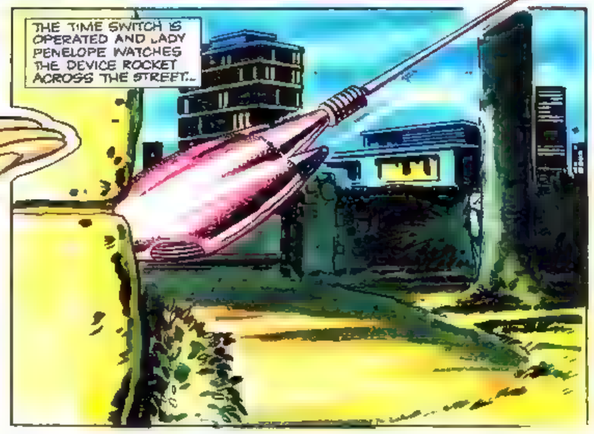
LADY PENELOPE OWNS SOME OF THE BEST TROTTING HORSES IN EUROPE. SHE ENTERS THE SELECT AREA..
YOU DID WELL AGAIN TONIGHT, MR MALONE.
YES... DON'T I ALWAYS? LET'S GO. WE HAVE WORK TO DO.

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A LARGE HOUSE IN THE BEST PART OF TOWN..

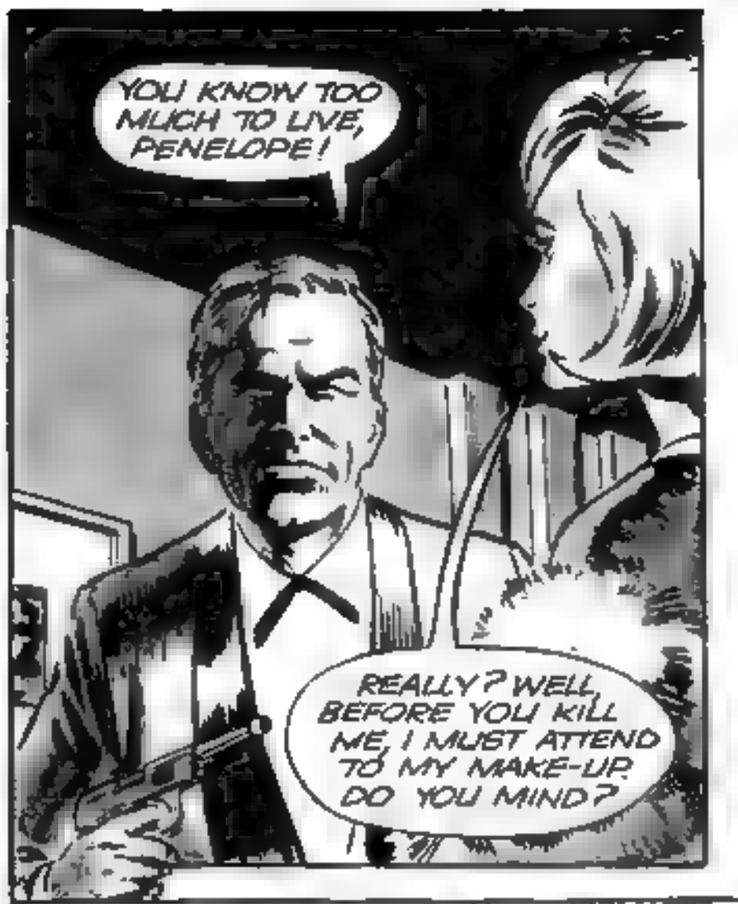

A LIGHT GOES ON IN THE GROUND FLOOR ROOM...
I'LL HAVE TO USE THE LISTENING DEVICE... I MUST FIND OUT IF PARKER IS INSIDE


LADY PENELOPE HAS OVERHEARD THE SHORT EXCHANGE. SHE FOLLOWS HER QUARRY...


LADY PENELOPE TAKES A GADGET FROM HER PURSE...


THE TIME SWITCH IS OPERATED AND LADY PENELOPE WATCHES THE DEVICE ROCKET ACROSS THE STREET..

VOICES FROM THE ROOM ARE RELAYED TO THE LISTENING LADY PENELOPE...
WELL DONE, NOSEY... YOU GAVE US THE INFORMATION DEAD RIGHT.
I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T LIE... WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO NOW?
WE'RE GONNA BREAK IN AGAIN... WHY NOT? WE KNOW JUST WHERE THE ALARMS ARE, THANKS TO YOU, PARKER, WE'LL BE RICH!
HOW COULD PARKER DO THIS TO ME? I'LL GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND WHEN I GET IN THAT HOUSE!
USING A TRICK WITH A HAIRPIN, TAUGHT HER BY PARKER, HER LADYSHIP ENTERS THE BUILDING...
THAT MUST BE THE ROOM... THE ONLY ONE WITH A LIGHT ON.
BUT AS SHE APPROACHES THE DOOR...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING SNOOPING AROUND HERE?
DEFTLY, LADY PENELOPE WITHDRAWS HER LIPSTICK...
SHE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM...
PARKER!
YOUR LADYSHIP! LOOK OUT- 'E'S GOT A GUN!


YOU KNOW TOO MUCH TO LIVE, PENELOPE!
REALLY? WELL, BEFORE YOU KILL ME, I MUST ATTEND TO MY MAKE-UP. DO YOU MIND?

THE GAMBLER SNATCHES LADY PENELOPE'S PURSE...
SURE... WHY NOT? HERE... USE THIS!
THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

NEXT SECOND...
AAGH...

THE POWDER IS A FAST-ACTING KNOCK OUT DRUG...
DO YOU REALISE, PARKER, I SUSPECTED YOU OF BETRAYING ME?
I WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT, M'LADY.

CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME FOR DOUBTING YOUR LOYALTY?
'COURSE I CAN... ONLY NATURAL, AIN'T IT...? YOU WASN'T TO KNOW I'D BEEN NOBBLED!

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE MORE OF MR. MALONE'S FRIENDS TURN UP.

ONE THING PUZZLES ME, PARKER... WHY DID YOU TELL THEM ABOUT THE ALARM SYSTEMS... AND THE SECRET HIDING PLACE? DID THEY TORTURE YOU?
NO, M'LADY... THEY REMINDED ME ABOUT THAT POSTMAN YOU SAW THIS MORNING, SMELLING FLOWERS OUTSIDE YOUR MANSION.

THE POSTMAN? OH, YES... WHAT ABOUT HIM?
'E WASN'T ADMIRING THE BLOOMS, M'LADY... 'E WAS PLANTING A BOMB. IF I 'ADN'T TOLD 'EM EVERYTHING, THEY'D 'AVE DETONATED THE THING BY REMOTE CONTROL.

SO YOU SEE... YOU'D 'AVE BEEN KILLED IF I DIDN'T TALK. WHERE TO, M'LADY?
NO, PARKER... I'LL DRIVE.
FAB 1
NOW YOU JUST RELAX AND TAKE THINGS EASY, PARKER. YOU DESERVE IT!

TALKING ABOUT MY EDUCATION

Dusty Springfield

Her speaking voice, like her singing voice is pleasant, almost tuneful, with just a dash of the American. She talks quickly, snatching in air between each phrase.

Dusty Springfield was the only one of the three popsters to say that she didn't like her schooldays—she called them a necessary evil.

"I was never clever, but I was a slogger, I had to swot hard to keep my head above water."

Blue of eye and blonde of hair, Dusty, born Mary O'Brien, left school at fifteen to sell dustbins in a store. From the time she first started school, till she joined the Springfields, she wanted to be in show business, but how, or even what, she didn't knew.

"That's why taking subjects like maths was so aggravating. I knew that I would never need it." She had trouble with her homework—who doesn't? But Dusty would often end up in tears, depressed and nervous. "It really is unbelievable the amount of misery that children go through when they're at school," she said, no longer gay and giddy.

Peculiar then, that Dusty approves the idea of a good old spanking. "I'd much rather have been wacked, when I was naughty, than all the lines and extra work I was given."

Another thing that upset Dusty about her school in particular, was the lack of music or art lessons. "It was all go," she said, in mock Cockney, her face relaxing.

Dusty wished she'd gone to a mixed school. "An all girls school gives you an unbalanced idea of life. You find yourself at a disadvantage when you get out into the world."

Dusty has had the chance to exercise her hard learnt geography facts. She's travelled all over the world, and has made comparisons with children in other countries.

"It really is amazing. I spoke to children in America who didn't even know where England is on the map," she said, her eyes round with amazement. "I mean, I know it's small, but it's not so tiny."

Her travels have convinced her that with a bit of alteration in the right direction, England could justify its reputation of being the best in the world.

"I'm sure British children are much better educated than most," she said finally. Well, are they? You should know!

Cilla Black

"Oh, pots and pans," cried Cilla emphatically, without stopping to think. "I hated cleaning them after cookery lessons—I even had to be bribed into it by the teacher!"

Apart from supplying her with a life long hatred of pan cleaning, Cilla, like Cathy, found school good fun. "I really enjoyed school, honest! Funny isn't it? You only remember the good times after you've left."

Scotland Road, a poor, rough area of Liverpool, still bears the scars the trams left. Priscilla White alias Cilla Black, was born there and the trams would carry her to and from nursery school. "Three years old and cheeky," she said. "I'd toddle along holding me Mum's hand, longing for the day when I'd be allowed to travel on my own."

Independent from the start, Cilla took pride in doing things for herself. "I was one of the first in our class to fasten my own coat and tie up my shoelaces myself," she boasted. "The worst part was getting the teacher to comb my hair—don't laugh, but I had it in a pony tail!" Her voice almost disappeared in amazement at the memory.

George and John, her two brothers, were Cilla's best friends. "Especially George. He was the oldest and I would turn to him for advice—like where to deposit my chewing gum, or had I ripped my knickers climbing the walls?" George it seems, gave his advice wisely.

Cilla was undoubtedly a tomboy. She played all the boys' games, football in the streets, climbing over the bombsites, if you couldn't beat them, you were forced to join them. "The most flattering thing anyone could say was, 'You're one of the boys, Cilla'!" As she spoke, she brought a well-manicured finger up to her eyebrow and flicked a strand of hair from her eyes. She's certainly changed.

At 15, Cilla went to commercial college, near the grounds of the Liverpool football team. "Big deal," she said. "We had all walked for the day when we could start there. We all accepted the fact that we would get jobs, then marriage, then kids. Going to college was the first step, and I felt an adult for the first time."

She loved college, except for the shorthand classes which she would sometimes "avoid."

She left college and began stage two—the job. She hadn't been working long, when her first record was released. Cilla, in the evenings, had been working as hat and coat girl in The Cavern, "though we didn't get many hats coming in," she said, laughing crookily.

That first hit made Cilla a star. She has remained a charming, unaffected person despite this, the sort of person her rough and tumble education helped to make.

Cathy McGowan

She is no longer a teenager though she made her name simply by being a professional one. Though no longer at school, Cathy McGowan is an eternal schoolgirl. She loved her school days and as hostess of *Ready Steady Go*, she has managed to recreate the atmosphere of a milling playground at break.

When she speaks of her past pranks, her eyes glisten. Once she started talking, she didn't stop.

"When it was cold outside, three of my friends and myself wouldn't go outside during the break. We'd stay inside and play hide and seek. Well, one day," she began, as if to tell an ancient fairy tale, "they were hiding and I was seeking." Spitting one of her friends in the corridor, Cathy leapt out and landed on her. Her victim sank to the floor with shock. Of course, Cathy got the biggest shock when she found out that she had just leapt onto her teacher. "The school board had something to say about it, but it all blew over—things always do!"

Other things had an influence on Cathy's education, one of the main ones being buns. "Ah, yes," she said slowly and deliberately. "The buns!" Buns to Cathy were what checs were to Billy Bunter—she just couldn't resist them. "Sadly for me there was a bun shop on the way to school," she said.

It was the fragrant smell of these freshly warm dollops of dough that would enamore the young McGowan's nostrils, making her late for school time and time again.

One lesson did spoil the bliss of schooling for Cathy, maths. "I could never understand it—I still can't." Her favourites? English, needlework and music. "I liked music because I sing right off-key, but no-one told me to shut up in case they offended me," she giggled.

Cathy McGowan enjoyed herself then, she enjoys herself now ... the difference being she's learnt to listen to other people's noises.

BRILLIANT AGENT OR BUNGLING FLOP?

Well, here is a quick test just to see whether you're worthy of becoming a secret agent! Answer the questions carefully, taking everything into consideration.

1 **You receive a communication which is signed by Lady Penelope. Could you recognise her signature? Study the three signatures listed here, and select which one you think is the correct one.**

Penelope W-C.
Penelope C-W.
Penelope C-W.

2 **You have told one of your fellow agents that you will deposit some secret documents in a friend's kitchen. He must collect them in 2 hours. There is only one thing that troubles you. You have never seen your friend's kitchen in your life. Where could you safely suggest that you have hidden the documents?**

(a) Rolled up in the waste pipe of the washing machine.
(b) In the bottom of a sliced loaf.
(c) In the deep freeze compartment of the fridge.
(d) Stuck to the back of the oven.

3 **Below are three pictures of 0038. He is heavily disguised as a French tourist in one of these pictures . . . which one do you think it is?**

4 **You are locked in a dungeon in your enemy headquarters. Above the dungeon, in a special room, enemy officials are deciding your fate. You have three ways of getting out—which do you consider the best under the circumstances?**

(a) Plastic explosive.
(b) Laser-beam contained in your lipstick.
(c) Dynamite.

5 **You suspect that a bomb has been attached to the door of your Paris apartment, designed to explode as soon as you open it. Would you**

(a) Throw open the door.
(b) Climb in through the window and take out the detonator.
(c) Phone a known enemy agent to come to your apartment for cocktails, letting them open the door.

6 **As a secret agent, you must be a good judge of character and a bit of an actress. On one mission you will be required to dress as an American lady tourist. Which pair of glasses would you wear?**

ANSWERS

If you got them all right, then you're brilliant (or else you cheated).
If you got three or more right, then you're going in the right direction, just a little more effort and thought.
Less than 3? You're a bungler! Please work for the other side!

Question 1 (b)
Question 2 (d) There's almost sure to be an oven, not necessarily anything else!
Question 3 (c)
Question 4 (b) It's the quietest.
Question 5 (b) an explosion would attract attention to your activities.
Question 6 (c).

RATE YOUR MATE

Well, here's an easy test to find out just what kind of people your friends really are! Simply pick out a friend that you know very well, and taking into consideration all you know about the way they behave and react, answer the questions. Take your time and be honest, not harsh, and not easy. Remember, one of *your* friends is probably doing the same for *you!*

1 **Your friend invites you and some other friends to tea. There is only one piece of cake left. Would she**

(a) Offer it round?
(b) Stick her finger on it and then offer it round
(c) Take a bite out and then say "Oh, I'm sorry, did anyone want this?"
(d) Divert everyone's attention and then eat it.
(e) Clean the table and eat it in the kitchen.

2 **Your friend knocks over a display in a busy shop. Would she**

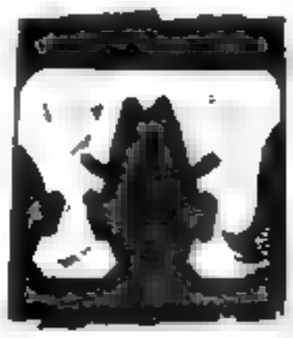
(a) Look accusingly at someone else.
(b) Apologise and put it back.
(c) Pick it up and give it to the assistant to put straight.
(d) Run fast.
(e) Apologise but not offer assistance.

3 **Your friend gets top marks for an essay at school. You congratulate her. Would she**

(a) Blush outside and glow inside.
(b) Openly agree with you that it was brilliant.
(c) Tell you that you could do as well if you tried
(d) Say nothing, despite the fact that she thought it was brilliant.
(e) Thank you.

4 **You are in the pictures with your friend and the person in front of her has a huge head. She can't see the screen, so would she**

*(a) Say loudly to you that it doesn't matter, she can see **some** of the screen.*
(b) Suffer in silence.
(c) Breathe heavily down the person's neck until they move.
(d) Move before you both get settled in your seats.
(e) Wait till everyone is really interested in the film and then move.



5 **She gets a new dress and someone says that they'd like a dress the same. She doesn't really like the idea, so would she tell them**

(a) That there was another style there that would be just the thing for them.
(b) Where she bought it, but that she doubts if there are any left.
(c) Where she bought it, how much it cost and how to get there.
(d) It wouldn't suit them the same.
(e) Just where she bought it—no more.

6 **A teacher shouts at your friend for something someone else did. Would she**

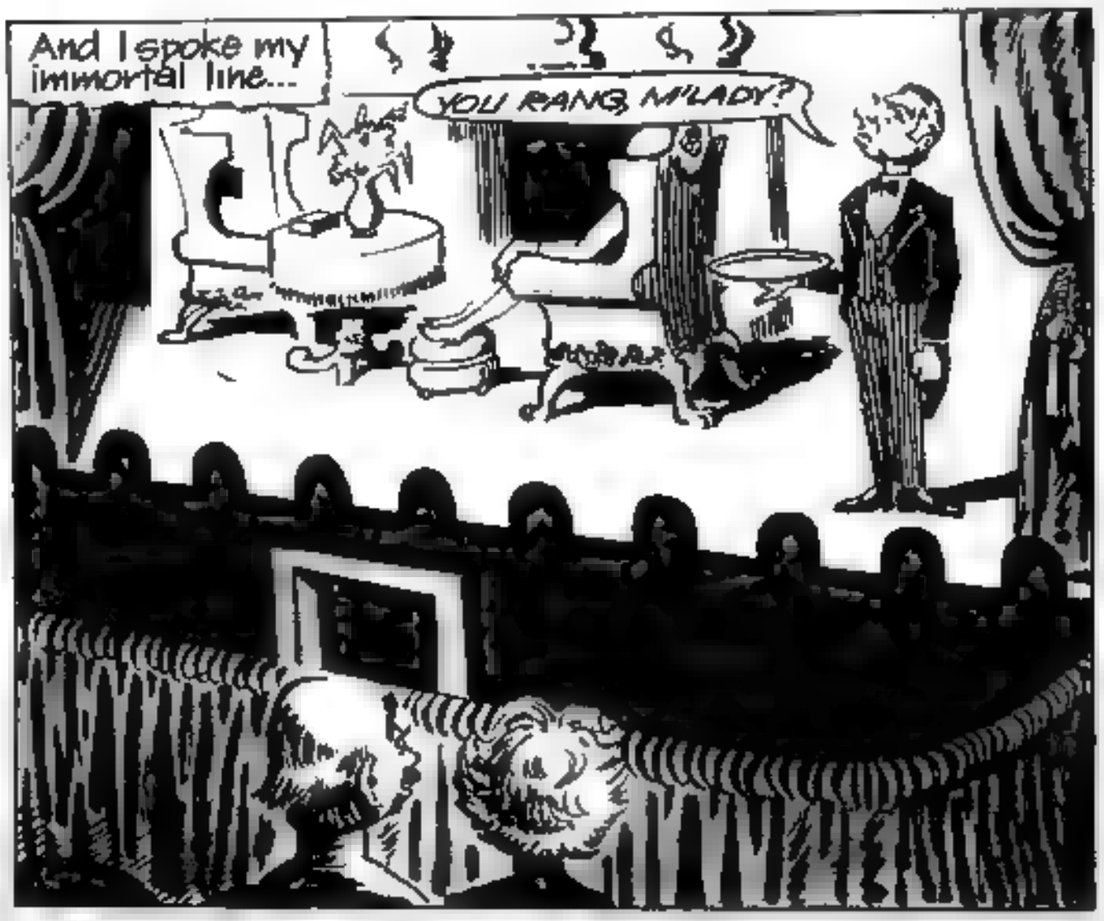
(a) Hastily tell the teacher who did it.
(b) Sulk.
(c) Say simply that she didn't do it.
(d) Martyr herself and say nothing.
(e) Cry.

Question 1: a=1 b=2 c=3, d=4, e=5; Question 2: a=4, b=1, c=2, d=5, e=3;
Question 3: a=5, b=2, c=4, d=3, e=1; Question 4: a=3, b=5, c=4, d=1, e=2;
Question 5: a=4, b=3, c=5, d=2, e=1; Question 6: a=2, b=4, c=1, d=3, e=5.

If your friend has more 5's than anything else, she's a hesitant mouse—but loyal, even if she is sometimes boring.
If she has more 4's than anything else, she is a bighead—sometimes very naughty but probably fun to be with.
More 3's? Then beware. The most dangerous kind, two-faced. She probably talks about you behind your back.
If she has more 2's, then she's blunt, sometimes nasty, and popular with other nasty people.
More 1's? Then she's a good buddy—sensible, honest and good to know.

PERILS OF PARKER

CLUMSY . . . ARTFUL . . . AND SAFE AS HOUSES!



WE WISH TO THANK THE UNITED NETWORK COMMAND FOR LAW AND ENFORCEMENT

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

© 1966 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

LISTEN, LITTLE GIRL – IF YOU HELP US FIND THE IRON PEAR, WE'LL TAKE YOU TO HOLLYWOOD!
YOU WOULD? I LIKE YOU – I TELL!

THE GIRL QUICKLY TELLS WHAT SHE SAW THE NIGHT BEFORE...
NOW YOU'RE SURE THIS ISN'T MADE UP?
ATHENE NEVER LIE.. MEN IN FUNNY CLOTHES, CAME FROM APOLLO TEMPLE
WE'LL SOON KNOW IF ATHENE'S DREAMING, NAPOLEON – THE TEMPLE IS ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY!

THE DRIVE IS SHORT...
FRIENDLY – AREN'T THEY?
PERHAPS THEY HAVE SOMETHING TO HIDE! STAY HERE WHILE WE TAKE A LOOK, ATHENE!
NO – YOU SAID ME GO TO HOLLYWOOD, ME NOT LEAVING YOU!

THIS IS DANGEROUS, ATHENE, YOU...
NO, ME COME, OR I'LL SCREAM!
SHE'S GOT US BEAT, ILLYA – BRING HER ALONG!

MINUTES LATER...
SEE, MEN IN FUNNY CLOTHES!
I'LL SAY THEY'RE FUNNY – THEY'RE 1812 COSSACK UNIFORMS!
ON YOUR FEET, SERFS – YOU DARE TO TRESPASS ON THE LAND OF TZAR NICHOLAS THE FOURTH!
AAGH!
DON'T WORRY, ATHENE – HE'S ONLY AN OUT OF WORK ACTOR!
YOU'RE A RUSSIAN, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, ILLYA?
I HAVE A SCIENTIFIC MIND, MY FRIEND – I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEIR ROMANTIC NONSENSE EITHER!
SILENCE!
WITH THE CARBINES PRODDING THEM ALONG, THE U.N.C.L.E AGENTS AND ATHENE ARE PUSHED INTO THE TZAR'S ROOM...
SPEAK!
THEY WERE TRESPASSING ON YOUR LAND, SIRE – ONE IS AMERICAN THE OTHER A FELLOW COUNTRYMAN – AND A SCIENTIST!
A SCIENTIST AND A RUSSIAN! WONDERFUL, HE CAN FIND OUT HOW THAT HYDROGEN BOMB IS TRIGGERED.
NOW TAKE IT EASY, TZAR – WHEN I AGREED TO CRASH MY BOMBER SO THAT YOU COULD GET A HYDROGEN BOMB, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU MEANT TO USE IT!
IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO FORCE THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT TO GET OUT AND LET ME RESTORE THE GLORY OF TZARIST RUSSIA YOU WERE WELL PAID FOR YOUR HELP. NOW CEASE YOUR GROANS OR YOU WILL DIE WITH THE AMERICAN!

WHO ME? YOU DON'T WANT TO KILL ME, TZAR– MY RUSSIAN FRIEND NEEDS ME!
AH, YES, THAT IS RIGHT, YOUR HIGHNESS– HE.. AHH.. HE HELPED TO MAKE THE BOMB!

VERY WELL– BUT TO MAKE SURE THIS IS NO TRICK, THE GIRL WILL BE HELD AS HOSTAGE!
NO, NOT TO TOUCH ME!
LEAVE THE GIRL– OR I DON'T FUSE THE BOMB.

I'LL BE YOUR HOSTAGE!
SO BE IT! TAKE HIM!

REMEMBER YOUR GREEK MYTHOLOGY, ILLYA!
I WILL, NAPOLEON– GOOD LUCK!

ILLYA, ATHENE AND HERMES, THE DOG, ARE TAKEN TO THE BOMB...
HERE IS THE FUSE– SHOW ME HOW IT WORKS!
AH, THE Z42 FUSE WITH LIMITED SAFE GUARDS... I'LL CHECK IT UNDER THE LIGHT.

IF HERMES WILL DO AS HE'S TOLD, GET READY TO MAKE HIM ACT!
OKAY!

CATCH– HERMES... JUMP THROUGH THE WINDOW!
GO, BOY!

FOOLS! AFTER HIM!

AS THE TWO COSSACK GUARDS TRY TO CLAMBER THROUGH THE WINDOW, ILLYA MOVES...
IF YOUR HIGHNESS WISHES TO STAY FIT, HE MUST STAY QUIET! ATHENE, THE DOOR!

RIGHT– WHERE IS THE AMERICAN?
RIGHT HERE!

THE PILOT GOT COLD FEET, ILLYA!
WHEN I AGREED TO DITCH MY PLANE AND LET THEM HAVE THE BOMB, I NEVER DREAMT THE NUT WOULD TRY TO USE IT!

PLEASE - DON'T YOU THINK WE GO?
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, ATHENE... LET'S START RUNNING!

WITH THE TZAR AS HOSTAGE, THE U.N.C.L.E AGENTS, ATHENE AND THE PILOT, ESCAPE FROM THE TEMPLE ..
HERMES! YOU MAKE IT!
OKAY - THE REUNION'S OVER - LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

COME ON, ATHENE - OR WE'LL NEVER LIVE TO GET YOU TO HOLLYWOOD!
YOU GO, ME STAY, NO LEAVE WITHOUT HERMES!

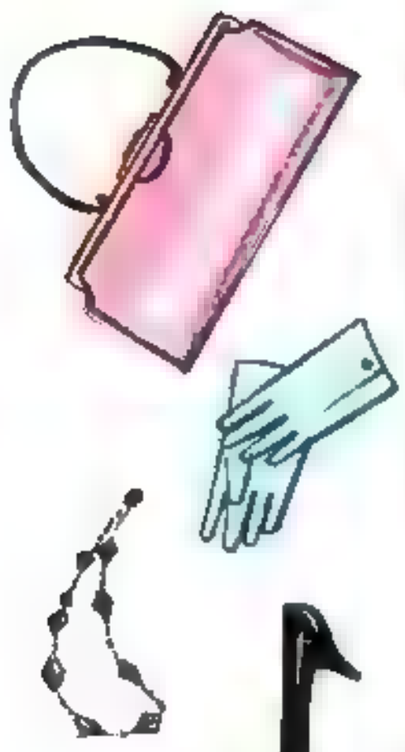
THE NIGHT FLIGHT FROM ATHENS TO NEW YORK HAS SIX UNEXPECTED PASSENGERS...
I NO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AT APOLLO TEMPLE?
THE GREEK POLICE GOON ROUNDED THEM UP, ATHENE... NOW I GUESS I'VE'D BETTER GO ABOARD

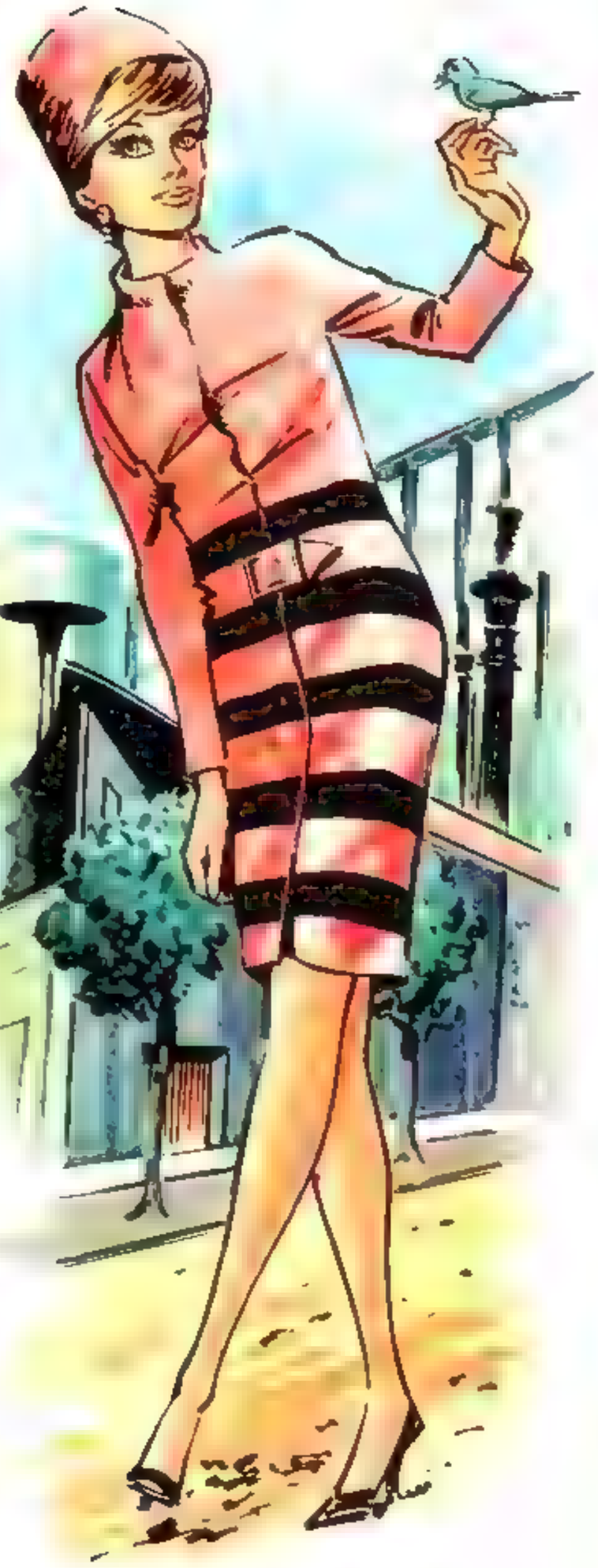
COME ON, ATHENE - WE DON'T WANT TO MISS OUR FLIGHT!
YOU GO... ME CAN'T BRING HERMES, ME NO COME..

WILL YOU COME IF WE HAD A NICE OLD UNCLE TO LOOK AFTER HIM WHILE YOU'RE AWAY?
YEEEES!

KINDLY UNCLE WAVERLY IS QUICKLY FOUND...
OH, WELL, MR HERMES - IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STUCK WITH ME FOR A FORTNIGHT!

FROM THE HOUSE OF PENELOPE





JUST STROLLING

For a walk down Fifth Avenue, New York, her Ladyship chooses this charming ensemble in coral colours. The slender coat has a mandarin collar and broad velvet insets of black. The matching cloche hat is in plush, squashy, coral suede.

Cut with craftsmanlike precision, the outfit was made by Boothroyd & Freebody of St. James's, the court tailors.

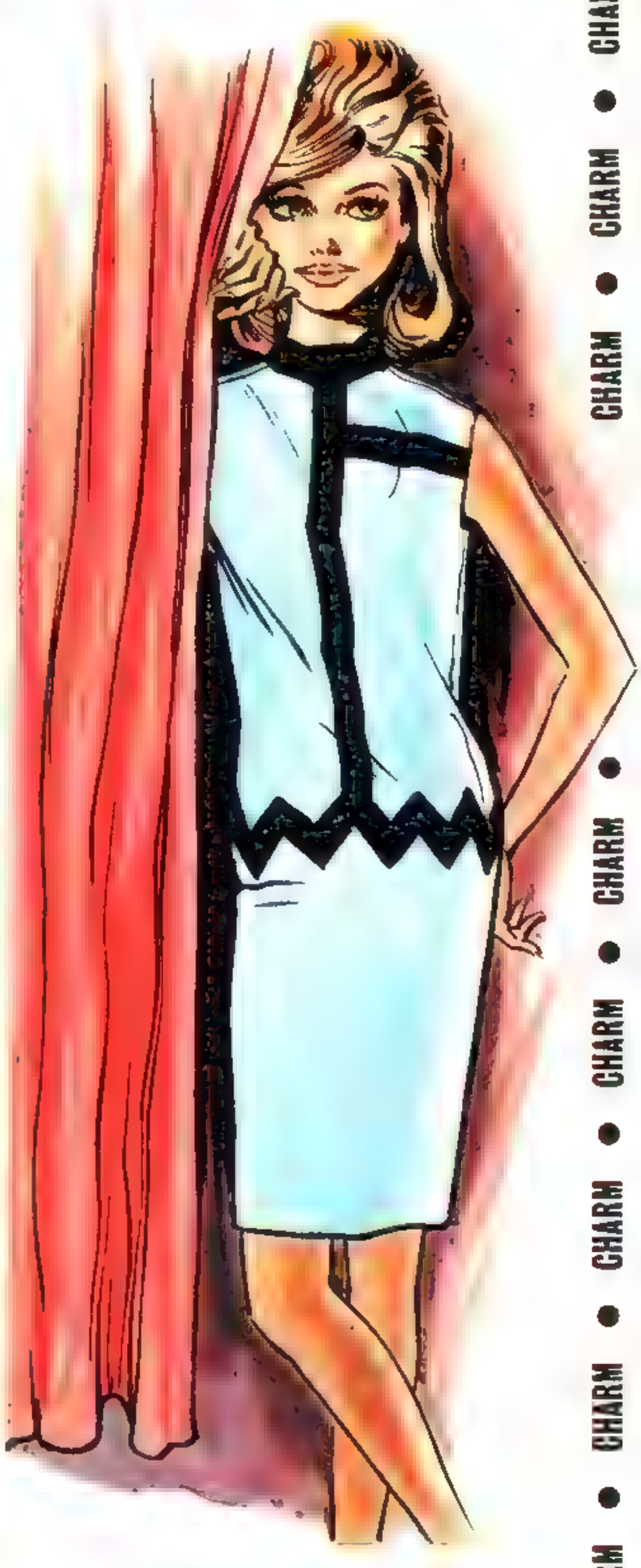
COLD RECEPTION

For meeting diplomats at rainswept airports, her Ladyship wears a Courreges inspired P.V.C. raincoat with Op-Art stripes, matching high-heeled boots and jaunty 'skipper' cap.

ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE

COMPACT IMPACT

Some of Lady Penelope's compacts are antique heirlooms and some have been bought at Peugnet, the jewellers in the Rue de Fauberge in Paris.



EXOTIC ESTONIL

Figure skimming model dress for sleuthing, or just for sitting pretty. The dress, in shot silk foulard, shimmers with white and blue and has a high oriental neck. It is geometrically patterned with black silk braid. The dress came from The House of Estonil in Barcelona and cost 205 gns.

CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM

SCULPTURED SUCCESS

Perfect for visiting fashion shows and shopping in the Via Veneto in Rome. This outfit, designed for Lady Penelope by Countess Vilenzio of Milan, cost 350 gns. It is sculptured in white flannel and has a double-breasted front fastening. A micro-camera is concealed in one of the buttons. With it, Penny wears a black cashmere balaclava hood attached to a wide picture hat in stitched felt. The zig-zag edging to the collar and round the skirt is in soft black leather.

CASUAL CREATION

Penny wears this outfit for lounging about the mansion or simply messing about on her yacht. The polo-necked jumper is in a mixture of cashmere and vicuna and cost 23 gns. The jeans, which are in fact Arab riding breeches, lace up at the side. Lady Penelope picked them up for next to nothing at a street bazaar in Morocco during a recent assignment!

REPTILE RAGE

One of the costliest ball-gowns in her Ladyship's extensive wardrobe. This sleek slither of a gown, sashed in black silk and encrusted with diamante, is made from lizard-skin.

RAINSTORM REGAL

Black and white proofed gaberdine raincoat with matching striped umbrella. The umbrella unfurls at the press of a button into a neck-saving parachute—handy for making timely exits from hostile helicopters!

GOOD NIGHT

After bringing back bales of this delightful silk from Hong Kong, her Ladyship had this rose-pink nightdress and matching negligee made for her by her Bond Street couturier. The nightdress has a deep decolletage. The lace was specially made at a convent in Normandy and took six months to complete!

SCENT SENSE

Her Ladyship's favourite perfumes. The bottle on the right 'Jeaune Madame' is made from ambergris and costs nine guineas for a quarter of an ounce! In the centre is one of Penny's pet scents. It is 'Eau de Rose' and it takes three-hundredweight of rose-blossom to fill this bottle.

ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE • ELEGANCE

CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM • CHARM

JOIN THE BEACH SET

First day on holiday—and you're off to the beach! Fling down a towel, stretch out in the sun, and just soak up that fabulous golden tan!

But wait a minute—who's this poor, wretched creature, limping painfully back to the boarding house a few hours later? Face all red and swollen . . . legs peeling and painful. Surely it can't be YOU!

Nasty headache from the glare, sore from trying to dry yourself on a sandy, gritty towel, you're probably wishing you'd never got within a hundred miles of the beach!

But what went wrong? How do some girls manage to look tanned and golden, cool and happy—while the rest of us battle with burned noses and soggy swimsuits?

The secret's simple—just a little thought and preparation. So really, it's up to you!

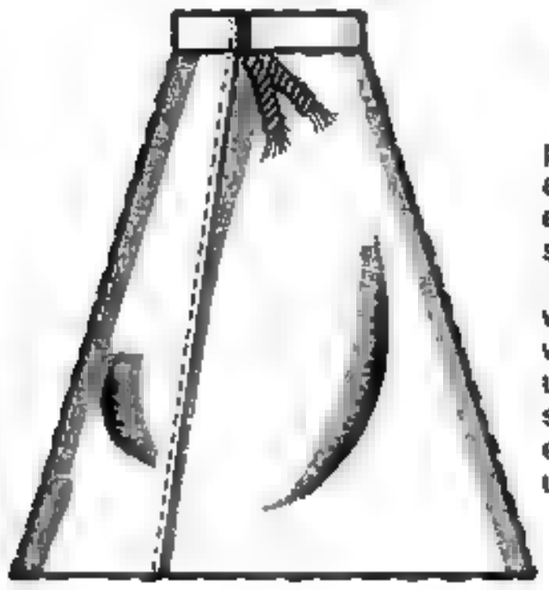
THE GOLDEN RULES

The golden rule for sunbathing is—don't rush it! If you do, your skin won't go brown, it'll go *red*, and peel off. Then you'll have to start all over again, and the skin underneath will be even *more* sensitive! So take it slow and easy at first.

BEWARE of sleeping in the sun. You're likely to wake up *burned* up! It's dangerous, too, because with your eyes closed and your feet turned upwards, you're roasting the most delicate areas of all—bottoms of feet and eyelids! So unless you fancy limping around on red hot feet, peering at the world through puffy, swollen eyes, keep your sandals *on* for sunbathing, and cover your eyes!

TOO LATE—YOU'RE BURNED? Calomine lotion will soothe and cool the burning, but you'll have to stay out of the sun for a few days. Light cotton clothes will feel easier on burned skin than nylon or wool. But prevention is far, far easier than cure!

If fingernails get sandy and gritty, *don't* scrape underneath them with a metal nail-file. This scratches away a 'layer' of nail and weakens them. Clean fingernails with a brush instead.



Use a good sun-oil or cream, and take plenty of time rubbing it into all exposed areas, particularly backs of knees, inside elbows and across your neck and shoulders.

Suntan creams and oils on your skin will pick up extra sand and dirt, along with salt from the water. This can build up quite a layer during the day and might start a skin irritation. So a bath in the evening is even more essential than usual!

UNDERCOVER

Is changing out of your swimsuit your big problem? Nowhere to change on the beach (they won't *let* you in most 'Ladies') and can't bear sitting there in your wet clammy swimsuit? Then make yourself a beach-robe! All it is, is a large area of towelling—enough to cover you from neck to ankles—with a drawstring round the neck. You pull it over your head, and change underneath it. Does double-duty as a towel. You could make one from two really big bath-towels—or, better still, cut a large circle out of new towelling, which you can buy by the yard in most big stores.

THINGS TO TAKE . . .

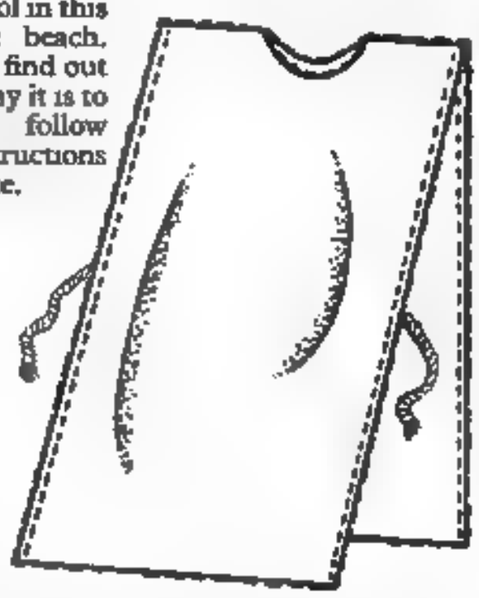
You can buy a plastic sponge bag very cheaply (around 1/6d.) and this will be ideal to carry your suntan oil, a sponge soaked in fresh water and perhaps a tin of freshener pads. You'll be surprised how useful that sponge will be, for wiping sandy fingers before eating, for instance. And the freshener pads are fabulous for the same sort of jobs. Try 'Quickies' which come in a convenient little tin and last for ages.

Don't forget . . . a comb (an absolute 'must' for wet and straggly hair) . . . 'Lypsil' lip salve if your lips are inclined to crack in strong sunlight . . . a scarf or sunhat of some sort to protect the back of your neck—big danger spot when sunbathing!

IT'S ALWAYS A GOOD IDEA TO . . . carry a small 'Red Cross' kit consisting of some elastoplast and antiseptic cream for cut feet and other minor accidents that are likely to occur!

& THINGS TO MAKE

Bath towel to a swingin' shift. You'd really look cool in this on the beach. And to find out how easy it is to make, follow the instructions opposite.

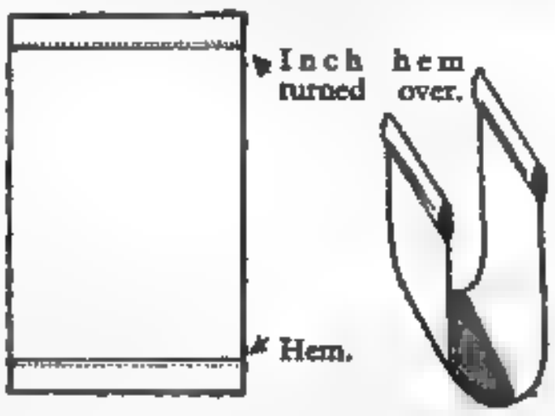


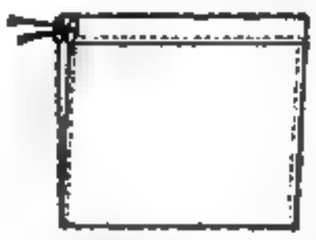
This beach-shift in the picture opposite can be made from two ordinary bath-towels, and it only takes half an hour! You simply stitch them together across the top, leaving a gap in the middle for the neck, and sew tapes on each side to tie it up with. Result? The perfect cover up for shorts or a swimsuit. And you can put it straight on over your wet swimsuit when you come out of the water—to keep you warm, and dry you at the same time!

To give your towelling cover-up some personality . . . cut out the initials F A B in brightly coloured felt (needs no hemming as it doesn't fray!) and sew on.

Another idea is to cut a two-inch fringe round the hem . . . looks really swinging!

Can't afford to buy a beach-bag—but feel you need *something* to carry all your holiday clobber? See if there's a small, spare hand-towel knocking around at home. Turn over an inch at each end and hem it. Fold the towel in half, and stitch up both sides, forming a sort of pouch. Then just thread a drawstring through the hem you made (which now runs right round the top) and pull it tight. Result—the only beachbag you can also dry your feet on!



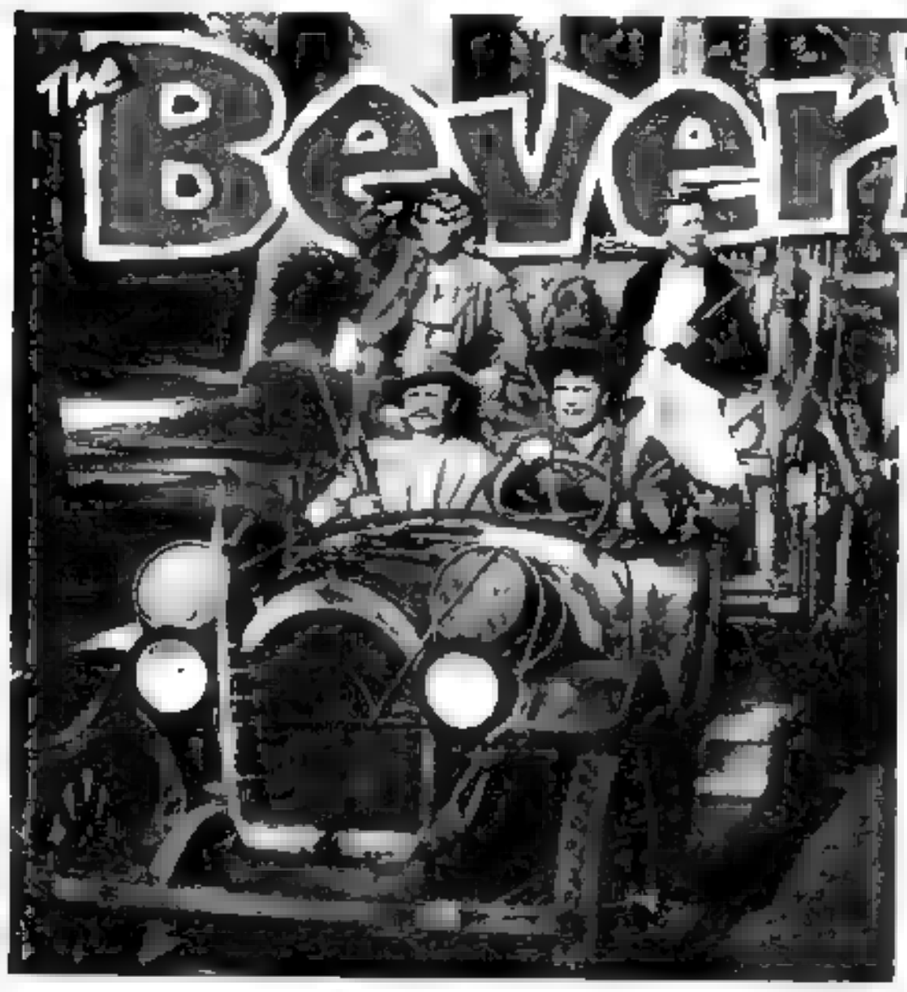


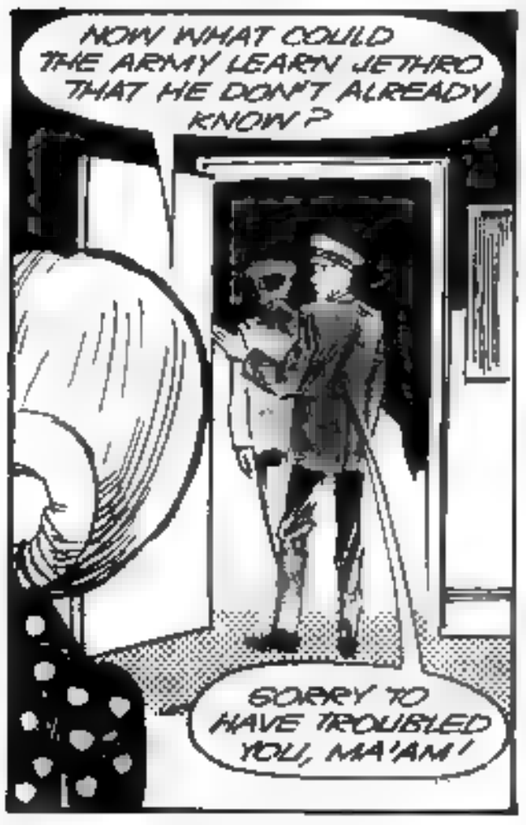
Thread drawstring right through. Then fold and stitch side.

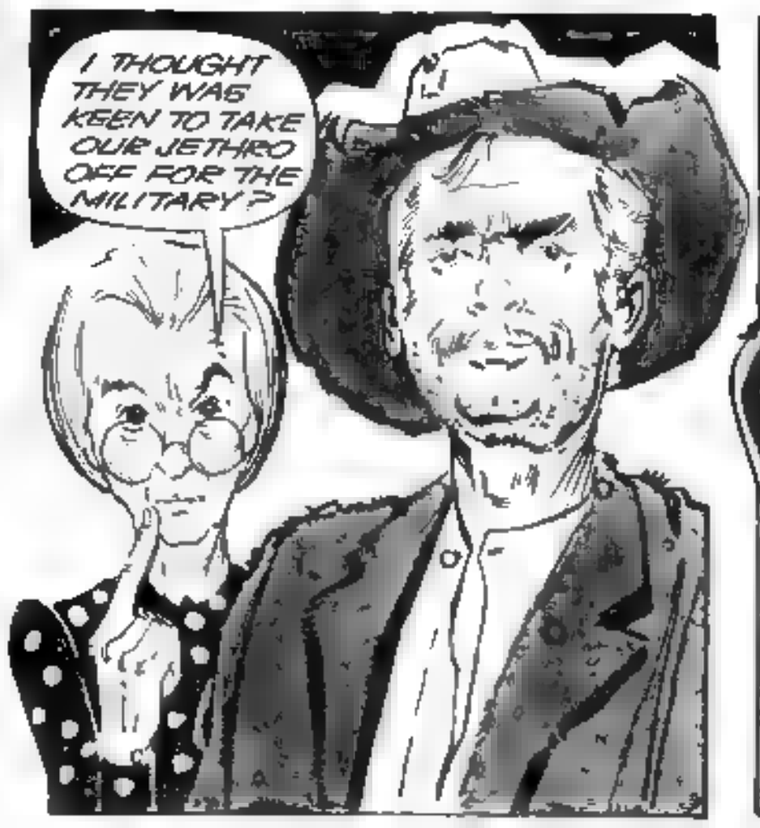
Pull drawstring tight.

OIL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR OIL . . . THOSE HILARIOUS HILLBILLIES HAVE STRUCK IT RICH!

The Beverly Hillbillies







LADY PENELOPE SUMMER EXTRA

© 1966 Filmways TV Productions Inc., All Rights Reserved

LADY PENELOPE FIGHTS THE POWER OF VOODOO IN VOODOO

"MISSION accomplished, father . . . but only under extreme difficulty."

At International Rescue headquarters on Tracy Island, Jeff Tracy listened grimly to his sons' video report, beamed direct from Thunderbird 1.

"Go ahead, Scott. Tell me what happened."

The animated portrait on the lounge wall showed that the young pilot of the rescue craft was worried. "We rescued the crew of the sinking nuclear tanker, father, and dropped them on shore. It was as we were crossing the Amazon jungle, at height H 105, that we encountered a sort of peculiar magnetic force. It nearly threw Thunderbird 1 out of the sky. At the same time, the photographic warning in the cabin started to flash."

Jeff Tracy sat bolt upright. "The photographic warning? 'You think someone was taking pictures of you?'

"I know it sounds fantastic, at that height, father, but it happened. A long-range radio-wave camera, perhaps . . .?" Scott Tracy shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows. Anyhow, we got away from the force-field, and also took some beam-pictures of the jungle below us. We'll be with you in fifteen minutes."

The photographs Scott Tracy brought back were minute. They were clouded by atmosphere. But in his fantastic laboratory, Brains blew them up to gigantic proportions, piece by piece, until they could be fitted together like a life-size jigsaw.

By careful development and printing, they turned out to be excellent images . . . but they told the Tracy's nothing!

"Jungle. Just jungle. There's nothing down there at all!" Scott gaped incredulously round at his International Rescue partners. "Not a track, not a clearing, not a single tree out of place!"

Jeff Tracy rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Apparently so, Scott. Yet we're all sure you didn't imagine the magnetic force. We're sure the photo warning didn't go off by itself. Something's wrong in that jungle, and if there are shots of Thunderbird 1 being developed there, it becomes our business to see what it is."

"Do I go back, father?" Scott looked eager. "Maybe taking Virgil and John with me?" But Jeff Tracy shook his head.

"Too direct. There's another means of investigation open to us, which will not arouse any attention. These are the facts. One! The Amazon jungle is largely unexplored, even today, which means that parties of explorers frequently set out for the interior. Two! One of our agents happens at this moment to be taking a holiday in Georgetown, British Guiana. I'm sure she'd have no objection in taking a trip over the Guiana Highlands and into the Brazilian hinterland, just to find out what's going on."

Jeff Tracy's sons all looked at each other, and they all said the same thing at once.

"Lady Penelope."

ORDERS RECEIVED

HER Uncle, as director of one of British Guiana's largest bauxite mines, lived a comfortable, if rather quiet life in a huge mansion on the outskirts of Georgetown. But Lady Penelope, though she enjoyed the peace of it all, had grown a little tired of endless talks on mining, timber and sugar-cane plantations. The vividly-coloured toucans in the grounds of the house became as commonplace as sparrows after a couple of weeks.

That was why, when the faint, tell-tale clicking in her powder-compact warned her that a message was on its way from International Rescue, she was glad to make an excuse to go to her room.

She locked the door, and opened the compact. Immediately, the glass mirror clouded over, then cleared to show the face of Jeff Tracy.

"Penny, we need your help," he said, and gave her what little facts he had. Immediately, Lady Penelope memorised the map reference he gave her, and smiled reassuringly into the two-way microvision link. "Don't worry, Jeff," she said. "I feel a little exploring is *just* the thing to make this holiday worthwhile."

"Something odd is going on out there, Penny," warned Jeff. "Keep your head, whatever you do."

"I'll try, Jeff," she smiled. "But I understand the inhabitants of the Amazon jungle have a habit of shrinking them, if they can."

INTO THE JUNGLE

THAT same afternoon, two jeeps and six bearers, with crated provisions, were loaded onto rafts at Georgetown Harbour under the direction of Parker, who felt faintly ridiculous in a pith-helmet, and said so. It was hot, and it was sticky, and all the ointment in the world didn't seem to keep away the hordes of stinging insects hanging about the Essequibo River in dive-bombing droves.

"Please calm down, Parker," said Lady Penelope. "We have a long journey ahead of us before we reach the source of the river. I fancy that boredom will be our worst enemy—at least until we reach the target zone."

Lady Penelope was right. There was just nothing to do except swat flies and stew. For the millionth time in five days, Parker pestered her with the same old questions.

"Just what, if I may be so bold to ask, M'lady, do you 'ope to find when we get there?"

Lady Penelope sighed patiently. "I honestly have no idea. As far as I know, white men have never penetrated to the regions we shall be visiting. Or if they have, they've disappeared for ever. On Monday, I told you we might find pygmies. On Tuesday, I suggested a tribe of intelligent apes. Wednesday, headhunters eleven feet high. Today, I'll try the best suggestion yet, and say we'll possibly find men from Mars."

A VITAL CLUE

THEY had been travelling for two weeks and their camp, guarded by three bearers, was pitched deep in a jungle clearing.

Now Lady Penelope lay in her tent in the darkness, the perpetual jungle darkness that night only intensified. The million sounds of the jungle around kept her awake far into the small hours. According to her calculations, set against the reference Jeff Tracy had given her, the party would reach the approximate target area by noon on the following day!

It was just before dawn—Lady Penelope had been asleep for only a couple of hours—that the drums started

At first far-off, then their throbbing seemed suddenly to become vibrant. As she flung back the mosquito net, she could almost have believed that they were beating inside her head.

"Parker! Whatever's happening?" Outside her tent, Parker, struggling into his shirt, was running around the clearing, calling some of the strange native words he'd picked up on the trip.

"M'Lady!" He turned to face her, and his cheeks were white. "They've . . . they've gone! All our bearers . . . they've gone!"

In the same moment, the drums stopped. There were long seconds of absolute silence before the noises of hidden animals began again, hesitantly.

It was true. There was no sign of the bearers. Something in the drums had made them run. The jeeps were still there, but there was nothing reassuring about them. Each had a neat hole punched in the petrol tank, and the spare cans of reserve fuel had vanished.

Lady Penelope sat down on the bonnet of one of the vehicles. Incredibly, she was as cool and collected as ever. "Whoever or whatever we're up against, Parker, seems to intend us to die here, utterly stranded. However, our enemy doesn't seem to know that I have an exact map reference to follow up. We shall press on until we find their camp, and we shall go on foot."

"Excuse me, M'Lady." Parker sounded even more serious than usual. "I think I 'ave a clue which might tell us who's behind all this." He held out a glittering knife.

"I found it in the undergrowth behind the jeeps, M'Lady. I assume it's what was used to 'ole the petrol tanks."

Lady Penelope took the weapon and examined it. It was not of native design, but a commonplace mass-produced sheath-knife. And on the flat of the blade, clearly inscribed, were the words: "Made in Bereznik."

ON THE SCENT

PARKER had been hacking a way into the jungle with a machete for hours, pausing now and then to wipe perspiration from his forehead. "Safe-crackin' was never like this, M'Lady," he moaned.

"Sssh. I believe we're nearing journey's end," said Lady Penelope at last. "I can see light through the ..es ahead."

They dropped flat and squirmed their way through the last tangle of thickets, until they reached a clearing. A clearing—but what a clearing! An area so vast that it was impossible to see across it . . . an area covered over entirely with a high-domed roof, above which jungle foliage had been trained to grow. And the light, that was artificial, came from a hundred . . . a thousand arc-lamps blazing down on a whole township of aluminium dwellings like igloos, of vast buildings like giant hangars . . . a structure like a pocket oil refinery . . . and the unmistakble pylon of a launching gantry, with a sleek and deadly rocket clutched close beside!

Look, Parker! Look at the warhead of the rocket," Lady Penelope's voice was a hoarse whisper. "The badge on the nosecone . . . the arms of Bereznik!"

There was nobody to be seen in the clearing. It looked deathly still. But suddenly, the drums—those same drums began again . . . and as they watched, a hidden doorway in one of the big hangars slid open.

From the doorway, two native drummers emerged. They sat down, one on each side, and their hands continued to beat out a steady, menacing rhythm.

Then, where one moment there had been nothing, a tall, stoop-shouldered white man appeared in the doorway, clad from head to foot in a brilliant orange overall suit.

His voice, when it came, was amplified as if by a dozen huge loudspeakers.

"Welcome, Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward. We have been expecting you!"

VOODOO DRUMS

"UP, Parker," Lady Penelope sounded unperturbed. "There is nowhere to run."

The two International Rescue agents rose from the undergrowth and walked slowly towards the strange, orange-clad figure. As they did so, the drumming stopped.

"Voodoo drums," explained the man in orange, pleasantly. "I thought them necessary, in case you had persuaded any of your bearers to stay with you."

"Who are you?" countered Lady Penelope.

"A secret," the man replied. "Although you may know it, for you will never leave this place alive. I am Vladuz, Scientist-in-Chief of Bereznik. This is nothing more nor less than a launching site, from which our Conqueror rocket shall be sent to overcome the world."

"One rocket?" Lady Penelope looked incredulous, and genuinely was.

"A rocket with a difference," said Vladuz. "A vehicle, to be put into orbit. The warhead contains a series of micro-projectiles." He smiled, smugly. "My own brilliant invention. Each has the power to destroy whole cities. Each has its own pre-determined destination. You see? The launch . . . and then the second launch. The *conquering* launch!"

Vladuz led them into the big hangar. It was a massive laboratory, but the only people there were natives . . . natives who moved like wierd robots.

"I am the only Bereznik here," explained Vladuz. "Had we sent many people to this area, someone would have noticed. My early days, spent in the study of witchcraft and Voodoo, helped me understand the power such things have over the tribesmen of this area. They are all in my power. I dictate every move they make . . . like a human computer!"

"You're barmy," breathed Parker.

Lady Penelope shook her head. "He's brilliant, Parker. Warped and evil, yes. But brilliant."

Vladuz gave no sign that he had even heard. "You will sit down in those chairs." He gestured with his hand. "You will be bound and left for the present as I must concentrate on other things. The rocket is about to be launched!"

Lady Penelope found herself being lashed to a chair by two natives.

COUNTDOWN

THE two drummers had come silently up behind them, and now they found themselves being lashed into the chairs. The drums were left beside them, and the men joined their trance-like comrades.

"Tell me, Vladuz," said Lady Penelope. "Was it your occult power that told you I was coming here?"

Vladuz grinned. "It was not. Your friends from International Rescue flew over here, and encountered my deflecting ray. I also picked them up on a radio beam. This beam follows, it sees, it listens. I was aware of all your plans from the beginning . . . as though I had been at the elbows of Mister Tracy and his sons all the time."

He turned away. "Now, you will excuse me, for the countdown must begin. I must concentrate all my attention on my slaves, if they are to perform their duties correctly."

"What are we going to do, M'Lady?" Parker's whisper was high-pitched with desperation. "We're as good as dead, International Rescue's blown wide open, and the Bereznik rocket's going to smash the whole of the allied world!"

Lady Penelope looked thoughtful. "Can you play the drums, Parker?" she asked.

Parker goggled. "P-play . . . play the *what*, M'Lady . . .?"

"The drums, Parker," whispered Lady Penelope. "Your feet are free, and one of those voodoo drums is right beside them. Kick on it!"

His face a mask of open-mouthed amazement, Parker automatically obeyed. His shoes kicked on the skins, and the confused booming began to ring round the vast laboratory.

The effect was immediate. The natives at the consoles of machinery shook their heads . . . backed off. Their eyes blinked, and their voices began to babble.

Vladuz was tensed . . . like a man sculptured from stone. Now he whirled round and rushed towards Parker. "Stop, you fool! Stop! It's breaking the power!"

"Just as I hoped it would," said Lady Penelope, and flung her whole weight forward, so that her chair toppled straight into the path of the scientist.

Vladuz came over her head in a tangle of arms and legs, and the splintering of the woodwork was punctuated by the crack of his skull against the metal wall. He rolled over and lay perfectly still.

Lady Penelope shook herself free from the wreckage of the chair and looked down at him, rather reproachfully. "I wonder," she said, "if your occult powers will help you get rid of a headache when you wake up."

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

SHE walked over to the banks of electronic equipment, past natives who wandered about dizzily, shaking their heads as though trying to throw off some unwanted dream. Deftly, she snapped down the master switches to check the rocket countdown, and then she took her powder-compact from her bag.

"Calling International Rescue," she intoned. "Lady Penelope here! I'd like you to bring Thunderbird Two equipped with high explosives to take Parker, myself and a certain Bereznik agent as far away from the Amazon jungle as possible."

A plaintive voice broke in on her thoughts as she snapped the compact closed. "Can I stop this drummin' now, M'Lady?"

Lady Penelope looked genuinely sympathetic as she stooped to secure the unconscious figure of Vladuz.

"I think you had better continue for the present, Parker," she said. "It seems to be keeping the natives from becoming restless."

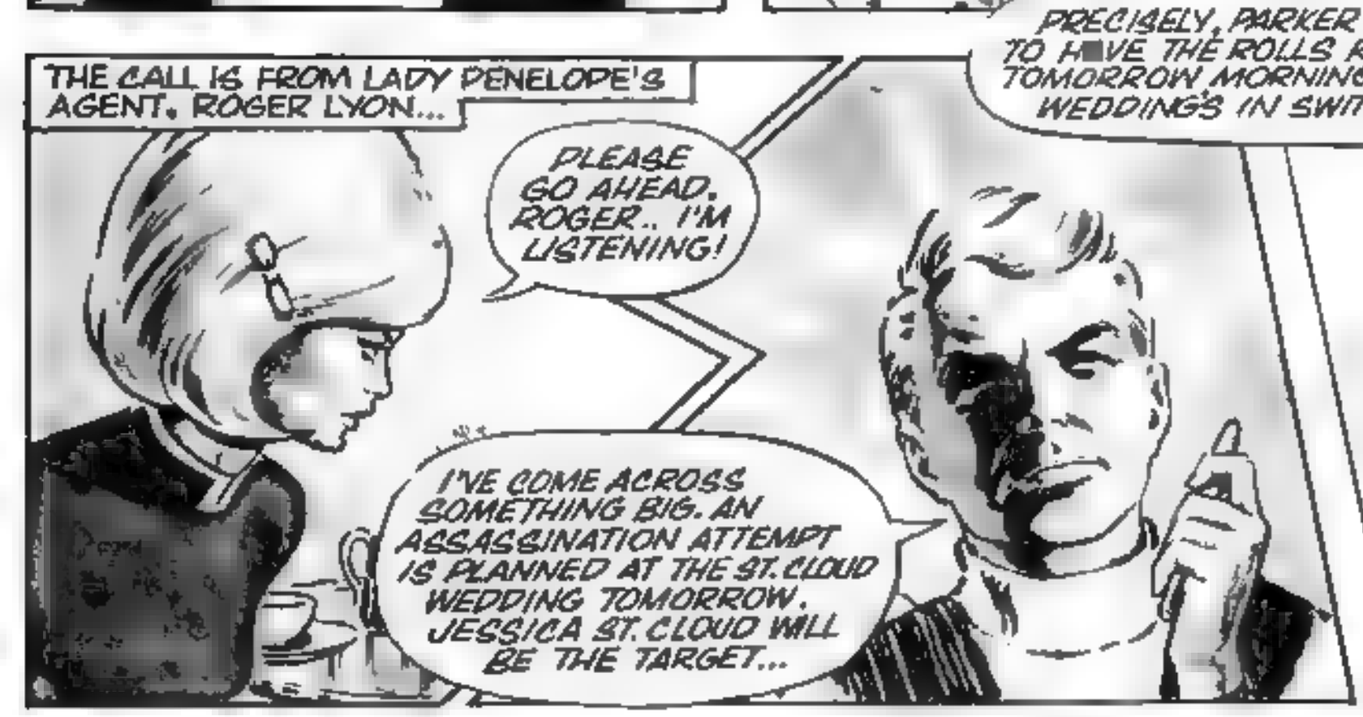
PERILS OF PARKER

CLUMSY . . . ARTFUL . . . AND SAFE AS HOUSES!

Elegance Charm and Deadly Danger

Lady Penelope

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDE



ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD HIGH IN THE SUN-STREAKED SWISS ALPS, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

I PACKED YOUR PISTOL, M'LADY. ER... FUNNY SORT OF A THING FOR A WEDDING!

STOP FISHING, PARKER! I'M TELLING YOU NOTHING JUST YET!

THE ST. CLOUD FAMILY CHALET...

PENELOPE. I'M SO HAPPY YOU COULD GET HERE!

LOVELY TO SEE YOU AGAIN, JESSICA!

THERE'LL BE AN ATTEMPT ON HER LIFE ON THE WAY TO THE CEREMONY!

IN THAT CASE... WE MUST MAKE OUR ARRANGEMENTS... **NOW!**

I'LL SHOW YOU YOUR ROOM, PENNY!

COMING...

HERE YOU ARE, PENNY. GOSH! I'M SO EXCITED... JUST THINK... IN TWO HOURS, I'LL BE MRS. ANTHONY BARLARD!

ER... JESSICA... I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS...

...BUT YOU'RE **NOT** GETTING MARRIED TODAY. PARKER, WILL YOU TIE UP MISS JESSICA!

AS YOU WISH, M'LADY...

PENELOPE! I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

AND SO...

MISS JESSICA HAS BEEN MADE... ER... COMFORTABLE IN THE SPARE ROOM, M'LADY!

GOOD! I'M TAKING HER PLACE FOR A WHILE, PARKER!

MINUTES LATER, LADY PENELOPE, AND NOT JESSICA ST. CLOUD, LEAVES THE CHALET...

WHERE TO, M'LADY?

TO THE CHURCH, PARKER. AND NOT TOO FAST... I EXPECT TO MEET A... **FRIEND**, EN ROUTE!

FAB 1

PARKER... THERE'S A CAR FOLLOWING US. CAN YOU SEE THE DRIVER?

I THINK SO, M'LADY!

THERE APPEARS TO BE A GENTLEMAN WITH A GUN, M'LADY!

I THINK PERHAPS THE LASER BEAM, THEN...

THE WHITE HOT BEAM OF THE LASER RIPS OUT AT THE CAR BEHIND...

THE FIRST ATTEMPT WAS MADE ON THE MOUNTAIN ROAD AS WE CAME HERE, ROGER. IT FAILED!

NICE WORK, LADY PENELOPE. REMEMBER THOUGH, THERE ARE THREE HIRED KILLERS!

THE BRIDEGROOM ARRIVES...

JESSICA! BUT... BUT YOU'RE **NOT** JESSICA!

SOFTLY, MR. BARLARD! EXPLANATIONS LATER...

JOYOUS PEELS PROCLAIM THE COMING CEREMONY.

A RADIO IMPULSE BEAMS OUT FROM THE TRANSMITTER IN THE MAN'S HAND...

SHE'S STANDING JUST WHERE I WANT HER... **NOW!**

... AND ACTIVATES THE HIGH-FREQUENCY VIBRATOR ATTACHED TO THE CHAIN SUPPORTING THE HUGE BELL.

THE MAN'S MOVEMENT CATCHES LADY PENELOPE'S ATTENTION...

WHAT THE...?

A TRANQUILIZER GUN IN THE ROSES! I FEEL, GENTLEMEN, WE SHOULD MOVE AWAY FROM HERE!

LADY PENELOPE'S WARNING COMES ONLY JUST IN TIME...

BOOOING!

THAT-THAT COULD HAVE KILLED US ALL!

I THINK WE CAN CALL THAT ATTEMPT NUMBER TWO, ROGER?

THE MOCK WEDDING CEREMONY OVER, THE COUPLE ATTENDS A RECEPTION AT THE HUGE HALL OF CIVIC HEROES...

DO YOU THINK THE THIRD ATTEMPT **WILL** BE MADE?

MAYBE NOT! AFTER ALL ... THEY COULDN'T HOPE TO GET AWAY WITH MUCH IN HERE!

I'D LIKE TO GET A FEW VIDEO-TAPE SHOTS OF THE HAPPY COUPLE. COULD YOU STAND A LITTLE CLOSER?

SOMETHING FOR THE FAMILY ALBUM, EH?

UNSEEN, PENNY GESTURES TO PARKER...

YES, M'LADY?

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME, PARKER.

PARKER LISTENS CAREFULLY TO THE WHISPERED INSTRUCTIONS...

REMEMBER, PARKER... STRIKE **VERY** FIRMLY!

LEAVE IT TO ME, M'LADY!

THE CAMERAMAN MOVES IN CLOSER...

BUT...

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF 'ER LADYSHIP!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

NO PHOTOGRAPHER TRIES TO USE A CAMERA WITH THE LENS COVER ON UNLESS HE'S NOT TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS!

...BUT USING A VAPOURISING RAY GUN!

WOW! SO THEY **DID** TRY A THIRD TIME!

WITH THE DANGER ELIMINATED, LADY PENELOPE AND PARKER RETURN TO THE ST. CLOUD CHALET.

PENNY! WHAT **IS** GOING ON!

IT'S A LONG STORY, JESSICA ... BUT I'LL CUT IT SHORT!

AND SO LADY PENELOPE ENJOYS HERSELF...

BUT PARKER DOESN'T...

I THINK I'D RATHER BE AT 'OME, M'LADY!

EXPLANATIONS OVER... THE WEDDING TAKES PLACE AS ARRANGED...

WELL... SHE'S SAFE NOW!

I THINK WE CAN TAKE TIME OFF FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION. I'M SURE PARKER WILL ENJOY HIMSELF ON THE SKI SLOPES... IT'S SUCH FUN!

Published by City Magazines Ltd., 167/170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4., England, in co-operation with A.P. Films (Merchandising) Ltd., London Coliseum, St. Martins Lane, London, W.C.2., England, and printed in England by Eric Bemrose Ltd., Long Lane, Liverpool, 9. © 1966 City Magazines Ltd. and A.P. Films (Merchandising) Ltd.

LADY PENELOPE TEA SET

ON SALE IN THE SHOPS NOW!

Lovely Lady Penelope tea set in 'Penelope pink'. This is a REAL 29 piece tea set which includes an authentic Georgian tea pot, sugar bowl and milk jug, each with its own Lady Penelope monogram. Beautifully laid-out in a colourful window-display box.

LADY PENELOPE DRESSING TABLE SET & JEWELLERY SET

"The Dressing Table Set brings out my elegance.. & the Jewellery my charm & deadly danger!"

Lady Penelope dressing table set, all monogrammed with Lady Penelope's own initial. The set includes an elegant hand mirror, hair brush and comb and a gorgeous powder bowl decorated with an imitation orchid. The set comes in its own beautiful display box.

8'11D

Charming Lady Penelope jewellery set, containing a pearl necklace, bracelet, hair band and a ring which can be adjusted to fit any finger.
The whole set is in 'Penelope pink'

8'11D

J. ROSENTHAL (TOYS) LTD. LONDON COLISEUM · ST. MARTINS LANE · LONDON · W.C.2

LIMITED SUPPLY IN SHOPS NOW!